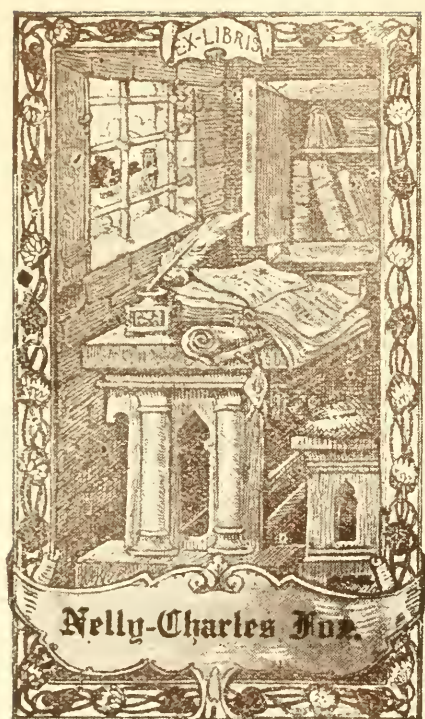


THE HERO OF BRITTANY
ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND



op. 1

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THE HERO OF BRITTANY

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ARMAND

DE



CHATEAUBRIAND

15 Mars

1768



31 Mars

1809

THE HERO OF BRITTANY

ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND

CORRESPONDANT DES PRINCES
BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

1768-1809

FROM UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

BY

MONSIEUR E. HERPIN

TRANSLATED BY

MRS. COLQUHOUN GRANT

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

MILLS & BOON, LIMITED

49 RUPERT STREET

LONDON, W

Published 1914

DEDICATED TO
THE COMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND
AND
THE COMTESSE MARIE DE CHATEAUBRIAND
GRANDSON AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE HERO
WHOSE STORY IS WRITTEN
IN THESE PAGES

P R E F A C E

FROM the dawn of the Revolution to the fall of the Empire, the French emigrants remained ever in touch with the mother country.

The means they employed for this purpose was the “Correspondance des Princes.”

This correspondence, in reality the emigrants' post, was an organized system with its officials and its offices. It possessed also a fleet of ships, which on the most stormy nights of the year when the watch on the French coast was less vigilant, used to accomplish the perilous voyage across the Channel. These vessels not only carried the post, but were the means of transport for priests who had fled from France after refusing to take the oath, but were now desirous to return, so as to secretly perform their holy duties; for officers who wished to come back to France, being anxious to serve in the ranks of the Royalist army; and for all other suspects who had managed to evade the guillotine, as well as

those who were fleeing from it. Such persons crossed and recrossed the Channel, as well as the families of the emigrants.

This "Correspondance des Princes" is one of the most touching and curious pages in French history. As far as I know it has not hitherto been the subject of any historical work. The reason for this is, that the documents relating to it have been overlooked by the searchers after historic facts, and they were apparently also fortunately forgotten in the police records.

It was therefore a piece of good fortune that enabled me to discover in the National Archives the workings of this mysterious correspondence which I propose to lay before my readers.

One of the members of this society, Noël Prigent, in the attempt to save his life, laid bare to Fouché all its secrets, and he condensed them into a Report, and sent the traitor's revelations to Napoleon. This document is the hitherto unpublished source from which I have drawn my information.

To do so it was necessary to revive the astonishing story of the Chouans, and incorrigible pamphleteers, as well as to depict the lives of the Agents of this secret service.

Again, we are indebted to the police reports—all the papers that belonged to the Comte de Puisaye having been left to the British Museum—there

emerges from them the story of a hero, Armand de Chateaubriand, the "Friend of the Waves."

His cousin René de Chateaubriand, the great author, depicted in a beautiful passage in his *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, the tragic death, under a shower of the bullets of Bonaparte, of this victim to the Royalist cause.

It is the life of Armand de Chateaubriand that we have portrayed in these pages, as the best means of explaining the "Correspondance des Princes," of which he was one of the chief Agents, and also because he was the noblest and most worthy of them all.

Before this book appeared, M. Lenôtre, one of our best modern French historians, wrote a charming study on one of Chateaubriand's lieutenants, Maxime de Bois  -Lucas, called the *Louveteau*.

In this volume will also be found the adventures of this young man, some of them being stories remembered in our country-side, and recorded as popular tradition. It was also the land of the hero of this book, and the little familiar details give us a larger insight into his character.

I wish to express my sincere gratitude to Comte Henri de Chateaubriand and Comtesse Marie de Chateaubriand, the grandchildren of the "Friend of the Waves," for having so kindly made us acquainted with the particulars of the life of their distinguished

ancestor. They allowed me to see the private letters, especially those to his wife Jenny, which they had preserved with pious care.

Thanks to this assistance, I have been able to paint the portrait of this hardy Malouin, worthy to be ranked among the legendary heroes of this coast, who are immortalized under the name of *La Guerre des Géants*.

I trust that this unassuming study may cause the past glories of our land of Brittany to live again, in the history of one of the noblest and purest of the patriots who a hundred years ago died for his country.

E. HERPIN.

ST. MALO.

PRINCIPAL DOCUMENTS FROM WHICH INFORMATION FOR THIS BOOK HAS BEEN DRAWN

1. BULLETINS DE POLICE. DOSSIER F7, 3715. National Archives.¹
2. BULLETINS DE POLICE. AF^{IV}, 1504. National Archives.²
3. DOSSIER ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND. F7, 6481. National Archives.
4. DOSSIER NOËL PRIGENT. F7, 6480 and 6482. National Archives.
5. BOOK OF REPORTS FROM ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND. British Museum, M^{SS}. 1797.
6. PAPERS OF COMTE DE PUISAYE. British Museum.
7. JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Archives of the Chateaubriand family.
8. REGISTER OF MUNICIPAL ARCHIVES OF ST. MALO AND DINARD.
9. ARCHIVES OF THE MARINE DEPARTMENT, ST. MALO.
10. NEWSPAPERS OF THE PERIOD. National Library.

¹ More interesting than the newspapers of the Napoleonic period are the *Bulletins of the Police*. They contain every particular of the politics of the day, the gossip of the salons and the theatres, whenever it was incriminating, and all the information gathered by the spies of Bonaparte. They were sent by the Chief of the Police to the Emperor every day.

² Fouché's notes were written out on gilt-edged paper tied with blue ribbon. They are less interesting, as they only contain the matter he did not think fit to lay before his Imperial Master.

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THE HERO OF BRITTANY



CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

WHEN the full tide is rolling in round the walls of the old corsair city of St. Malo, the outline in the pearly mists of evening is like a delicate painting in soft tints of grey, and from afar it appears above the waters like a phantom ship with the prow turned seaward, ready to start on a new and adventurous career.

This phantom ship is built of granite—a jewel of architecture hung between sea and land—the ornament of the radiant Brittany coast, known as the Côte d’Emeraude. It seems to rise straight out of the water like a dream city, and was the home of a great past full of doughty deeds and epic legends.

The rude seamen who sailed their boats round that coast, in search of trade or prey, were the first to discover and inhabit the rocky promontory of the islands of the Malouine, and from them sprang the race of hardy pirates.

In this twentieth century, St. Malo is a prosaic

shipping centre for the ubiquitous tourist, and for the transport of early vegetables to Covent Garden ; but the hoary walls yet encircle a town which has all the charm of the Middle Ages. It gave birth to men well known to history.

It was the cradle of Jacques Cartier, the French Christopher Columbus who discovered Canada ; of de la Barbinais, who was the Regulus of his country ; of André Desilles, who has gone down to posterity by the name of "the hero of Nancy." Here also was born the unfortunate Mahé de la Bourdonnais, the rival of Dupleix, who was the first to colonize in the Indian Ocean, and gave to the mother-country the Isles of Bourbon and of France.

Duguay-Trouin and Broussais were adventurous Malouins, so also was Surcouf, the great pirate. These all ruled the seas in those far-off days, as well as many others ; and the characteristic of all these men who rank among the early French explorers, was an audacious, unassailable, and absolutely intrepid courage. It was this audacity that was the star that guided the humble flotilla of Cartier and his successors. It was also the motive-power in the literary achievements of another great Malouin, the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, who was born and who died under the shadow of those grey, sea-girt walls.

Audacity was also the leading feature in the character of Armand de Chateaubriand, the subject

of this memoir, who gave his whole life and met his death in the service of France.

René de Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, calls himself the "Friend of the Waves," and says that the sea formed the pictures in the background of most of the events of his life.

In reality this designation applies rather to his first cousin Armand, the friend of his childhood, his brother-in-arms, who yet never shared in the glory and honour bestowed on the brilliant writer. Armand did not roam the solitudes of America, nor dream among the ruins of Jerusalem ; he lived by the sea and on the sea to which he was ever faithful. As in the ancient drama, the perfidious siren betrays her lover, so the stormy ocean, in spite of the services he rendered as he crossed and recrossed her, in the end sent him to his death. The true "Friend of the Waves" fell pierced by the bullets of Bonaparte outside the walls of Paris, when treachery and jealousy had done their work, far from the beloved sea which he had made his home.

In the eighteenth century commerce was not considered derogatory to the nobles of Brittany.

Before the Revolution the first families of St. Malo occupied themselves with the fitting out of ships, and at that time this port was reckoned one of the first in France.

René de Chateaubriand announces with pride that

its merchants lent Louis xv. thirty millions of francs. This, however, was not quite a fact, and the author of *d'Outre Tombe* probably made the statement in his desire to glorify his birthplace.

In reality the Government levied a tax on the Malouine flotilla, and made them disgorge some of the gold that they had fraudulently acquired in the isles of the South. Their generosity, therefore, was somewhat constrained.

Their riches however, enabled them to obtain all the privileges of the East India Company, and they had means of hiding their wealth in caves and cellars when they got home, for, as they said in their own vernacular, "*le commerce du Sud est gras.*"

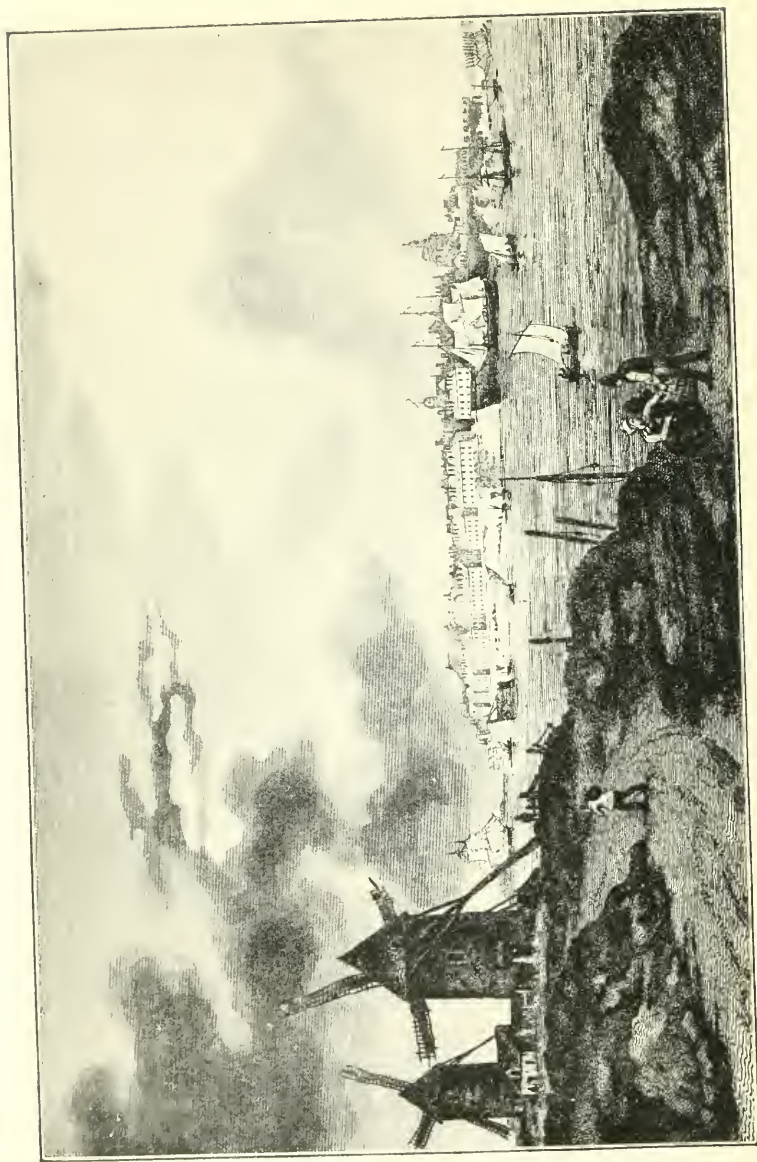
Many of the best names of the province were ranked among those engaged in these nefarious occupations. Marc Desilles, father of the hero of Nancy; De Boisgarein, whose lovely daughter, Elisabeth, married a son of the house of Savoy;¹ and the Chateaubriand family.

Others also of British origin, such as the O'Morroghs, the MacMahons, the Whites, and the Scotts.²

¹ Elisabeth de Boisgarein married in 1781 Louis de Savoie-Carrigan. His descendant is the present King of Italy.

² Edmund O'Morrogh had come over and settled in St. Malo during one of the Irish rebellions.

Scott and his family had come with him. Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, was of the same branch.



SAINT MALO IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In time of war these owners of privateers went out to sea for plunder. In time of peace they fitted out ships for trade; they owned counting-houses in all parts of the world—at Marseilles, Cadiz, the Isles of France and Bourbon, Madagascar, and Newfoundland. They started the whale and cod fisheries which continue to this day. They imported sugar, wine, and coffee, and had a great commerce in ebony, as well as in gold. They exported linen goods; all the people in the villages round about were weavers. They brought their bales of linen from Lamballe and Dinan to Dinard, then a little fishing village, and the fishermen took the goods across in their boats to St. Malo.

It may be asked why a good family like the Chateaubriands came to be shipowners in a provincial port. It is necessary to touch on their genealogy to explain this.

François de Chateaubriand, born in 1689, owned two properties in the neighbourhood: the Manor of Les Touches in Guitté, Côtes du Nord, which was the original home of the family, and La Villeneuve, near Dinan.

Both these houses still exist, but are now merely farms. Les Touches still preserves an air of dignity; two long avenues of trees lead up to it, and it is only quite lately that the great stone entrance gates have fallen into ruins. The walls of this old manor-house

are thick, and the windows pierced in them after the fashion of a fortress, and heavy ceilings of oak beams, some of them decorated with carvings, still ornament the room.

After the Revolution it was sold to M. Delorme, a well-to-do farmer. The family of Chateaubriand were long remembered in the neighbourhood, and tradition still has it that great treasures are buried at Les Touches. François married a Mlle de Lanjégu, and had four sons, of whom the second was the father of the great author, while Pierre, the youngest, was the father of the subject of this memoir.

François died in 1729 in his manor-house of Villeneuve, and though he only left a very small fortune of 5000 livres, his sons inherited his name and the quarterings of his shield, which placed them in a foremost position in their own country.

The eldest took the title of Seigneur de la Villeneuve; René, the second, that of Seigneur des Touches; Joseph, the third, was called Seigneur du Parc; and Pierre, Seigneur du Plessis. The fortune, such as it was, was left to the widow, who dealt it out in proportions, as was the custom in Brittany. François the eldest son received two-thirds, and the remainder was divided among the three younger sons, so their portions were necessarily small.

François took Orders, spent his patrimony in good works and died penniless, leaving his parishioners to defray his funeral expenses.

Joseph was a bibliophile. He shut himself up in a library in Paris, and cut himself off from his family. Once a year he wrote an affectionate letter to his mother, who sent him by return his annual portion.

René was determined not to be a burden on his widowed parent, and as he knew full well he must earn his livelihood he enlisted from St. Malo in an armed cruiser. This was a very usual course for the young men of that day. The Malouine flotilla sustained the honour of the French flag. That particular vessel joined, in May 1774, the fleet sent by Cardinal Fleury to the help of King Stanislas, who was besieged in Dantzic by the Russians.

Young René on landing found himself in the memorable fight, when 15,000 Frenchmen under the brave Breton nobleman Comte de Plelo, were overwhelmed by the Muscovites, and their leader was killed. Young Chateaubriand a mere lad at that time, was twice wounded, and having re-embarked was shipwrecked off the coast of Spain. From thence he returned to the shelter of the old home.

His courage and the good service he rendered having become known, he was next sent to the Isles of Bourbon and France, where, as he turned his attention to business he acquired a fortune. In those days

the islands in the Southern Sea were a veritable source of wealth, and the merchants and shipowners of St. Malo sent out their sons there, first as simple clerks, trusting to their becoming successful merchants. The gains there, whether ill-gotten or well-gotten, were like a snowball, and the gold was quickly amassed. The young men returned to marry and found homes of their own, and in turn became ship-owners at St. Malo.

René married in 1753, Apoline de Bedée, daughter of the Comte de Bedée. They bought a large house in the town on the rampart wall. It is still standing, and forms part of the modern Hôtel de France et Chateaubriand, and there their eldest son the famous writer was born in a room opening on to the ramparts, from which is an extended view of the sea and of a rocky islet where he elected to be buried. A sea-girt island is where a brave Malouin would surely choose to lie.

When Pierre who had stayed at home with his mother, saw the success of his brother, he likewise determined to be a sailor. The glamour of the sea and the golden islands drew him away from the old manor-house, and his mother perforce had to agree, and commended him to the care of his brother.

He also was successful, became the captain of one of René's ships, *La Villegénie*, and became, in plain words a corsair. He made many captures, but was in his turn taken prisoner, and conveyed to England,

where, however, he had the luck to be liberated as an exchange.

He settled down and married in 1760 Mlle Marie Jeanne Brignon de Léhen, and their wedding was duly solemnized in the Cathedral of St. Malo.

Pierre took the titles of Squire and Knight, and Lord of du Plessis. He was now a rich man. His wife was the daughter of a successful shipowner who had large interests in the linen trade in Cadiz and Carthagen. So he bought a fine house near his brother, and six children were born of this union, of whom the fifth was Armand.

Armand was born on the 15th of March 1768, and was baptized the next day in the cathedral, at which ceremony all the relations of the Chateaubriand family assembled, as can be seen from the signatures in the registry, also many of their friends and connections—his godmother being the wife of John Scott, who, although an Englishman, was a lieutenant of the King's government at St. Malo.¹

Six months later on the 4th of September, René de Chateaubriand, known to fame as the great writer was born in the adjoining house, and his life from babyhood upwards was for many years intimately joined with that of his cousin Armand. Together the children were reared almost like twin brothers, together they played on the sands of the *grève* de

¹ See Appendix I.

St. Malo, and there was cemented a lifelong friendship and affection.

There is little change to this day on that shore, and the boys perched themselves on the wooden breakwater with their companions as the children do to-day, often pushing each other off as the waves came thundering against the barrier.

The golden sands and the spades and buckets were a joy then as now, and René recalls in his books these trivial amusements of their young days. But the wealth of the family caused both fathers to change their mode of life.

René bought the Château de Combours, which had belonged to their ancestors and which happened to be for sale. This was some miles from St. Malo, and as he wished to live the life of a country gentleman on his own estate, he gradually retired from business and sold his ships.

Pierre determined to follow his brother's example, and become a landed proprietor, but to be utterly buried in the country was not to his taste; he loved the sea and its wide outlook too much to give it up altogether. So he purchased the Manor of Val de l'Arguenon, near Guitté, Côtes du Nord, which stood high on the coast with an extended view over the Channel.

Here he settled himself with his family in 1779.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AT THE MANOR OF DU VAL

THE lives of the two young cousins were now more or less separated.

As soon as Pierre de Chateaubriand had acquired the rights and lordship of the Manor of du Val, as well as the lands of Penguen at St. Cast, some miles distant, he set to work to put his new property into good repair. The date at which the manor-house was built was unknown, but it was probably in the thirteenth century ; there was no doubt as to its antiquity.¹

It presented however, a sorry appearance, being little more than a blackened ruin, having been partially destroyed by fire, when the English troops had passed that way in 1758. Only one wing was standing.

It had however, the making of a fine place, that could well bear comparison with the Château de Combourg purchased by his brother René, and it was far more beautifully situated. It stood high above the sea, just where the little tidal river of Arguenon ran mingling its waters with the ocean,

¹ See Appendix II.

and facing the grounds on the other side of this river was the famous old Château de Guildo, which had belonged to the unfortunate Gilles de Bretagne, and on rising ground beyond stood the Convent of St. Jacut. The extensive gardens sloped down to the water's edge, and the property extended on the other side in woods and arable lands far into the country towards St. Cast, in which parish it was situated.¹

After High Mass on Sunday 8th February 1778, Pierre de Chateaubriand gave notice with all due formality, standing on the steps of the church, that he had become the legal owner of the château and the superb domain ; and this declaration having been made, he lost no time in putting the house into repair, and in less than two years the manor-house of du Val was completely restored, and the family moved from St. Malo and took possession of it.

This lovely residence partly a marine one, had an enchanting view over sea and land. At the base of the woods was a rocky promontory stretching into the sea, and across the river were green slopes and verdant valleys, intermingled with deep ravines and dark recesses, which made up a scene of luxuriant beauty and wild melancholy. On the sands below in the bed of the tidal river were the famous *pierres*

¹ A modern house stands on the ground occupied by the château, the entrance gates being at the bend of the road, just after passing the bridge at Guildo, on the way to St. Cast.



LES PIERRES SONNANTES.

sonnantes, or sounding stones,—they are there to this day and ring with a musical sound when forcibly struck,—while to the north was the wide expanse of the ever-restless sea, an extended field of emerald green, or the deepest blue, lashed by the white foam, or lying in tranquil splendour.

The poet Jean Richepin says of this spot : “This is one of the most beautiful places on this marvellous Breton coast. The channel, with St. Malo in the distance, is laid out like a fan of peacock hues, with the islands and headlands like precious stones set in it. To the left on the horizon Cap Fréhel lies like a long violet barrier. In front the island of Ago, covered with verdure, seems like an emerald in the clear waters. The forests of St. Cast in darker shade, are like a band of velvet on the coast, and a little to the right is a wide archipelago of islands, of which the largest Cézembre, melting into the blue distance yet shows its sandy shore pink-tinted in the sunset.

“While St. Malo dominates it all, with its church spire and its white houses—St. Malo, sparkling in the sunlight like a filagree jewel suspended between the sapphire of the sea and the mists of the evening vapours.”

Amid such surroundings, life was an enchanting reality to the children of Pierre de Chateaubriand. Armand was then eleven years old, a fair-haired

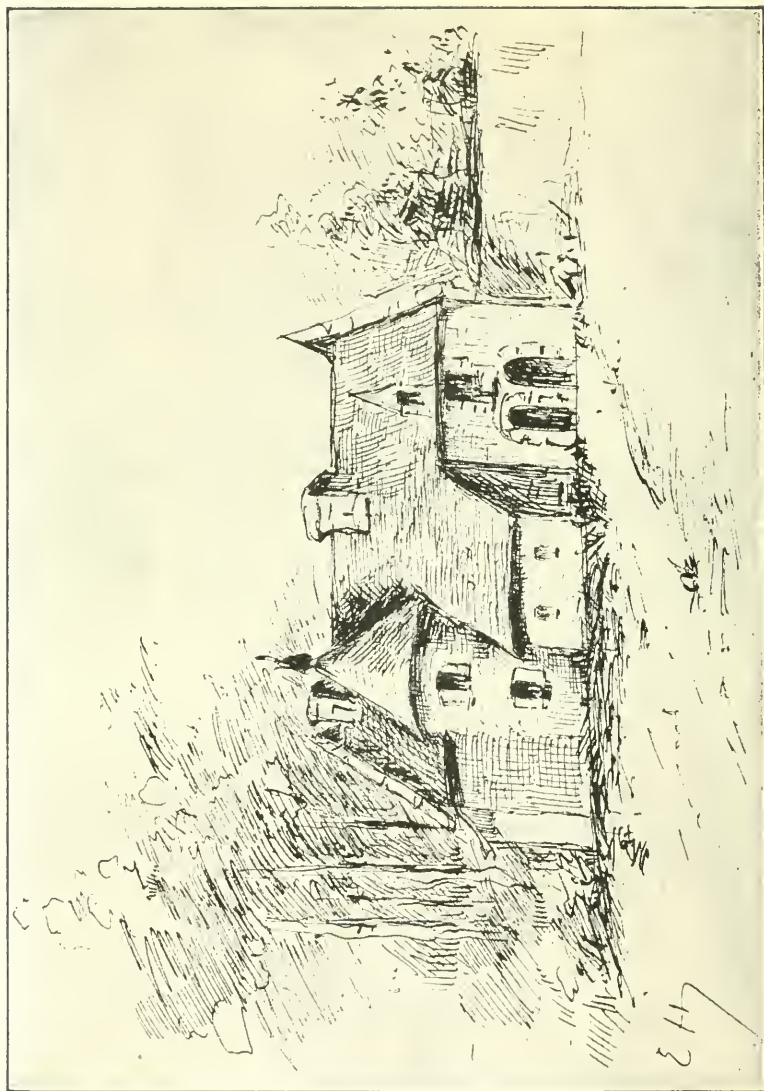
boy with dark eyes and a delicate oval face. He was tall and slender of build, his mouth was small, but already had an expression of wilfulness and determination.¹

His intelligence was remarkable, and his mother had brought him up carefully and piously. It was one of her pleasures to take her children to a chapel in the neighbourhood dedicated to St. Brigide—a saint of Scottish origin—and they would all kneel solemnly round her, staring fixedly at the rigid face of stone enclosed in a glass case. On fine summer afternoons they would play near the old dovecot on the top of the cliffs. This dovecot, which the hand of time through many centuries was slowly crumbling away, was the property of the monks of St. Jacut. They were a very powerful Order, and their fine abbey among orchards, faced Du Val on the rising ground on the other side of the river.

But the chief delight of the children was to cross the ford on the back of the ferryman, paying a farthing for each trip, so that they might play among the ruins of Guildo. The elder ones were girls, Marie-Anne, Adelaide, and Emilie-Thérèse; then came Pierre and Armand the two boys, and little Modeste the youngest.

They knew by heart the story of the unfortunate

¹ This was the description of him by Pringent, and is in the National Archives, F. 7. 6840.



LE BOISÉ-LUCAS,

Prince Gilles de Bretagne, who was imprisoned in the old fortress by order of his brother in 1446, and who perished there of hunger after much torture. In one corner of a tower of the castle was an opening concealed by thistles and brambles, which led into a subterranean passage. Free from fear as children are, they had long ago penetrated into the deepest recesses, and found strange hiding-places and damp caves, which were connected by long galleries in a regular labyrinth. Here they shouted and played in a solitude that no one disturbed, for the people in that countryside had a superstitious horror of the ruins of Guildo, doubtless because of the dark deeds that had been enacted there.

The peasants asserted that at nightfall a lovely noble lady, robed in white, knelt on the pavement of the centre court which she wetted with her tears. Then she would go and seat herself at the foot of the tower, which rose straight up from the water. After a while she moved slowly down to the river, and there she washed a blood-stained shroud in the limpid flood.

This ghostly visitant was the beautiful Françoise de Dinan, the widow of the ill-fated Gilles, and for dread of seeing her the simple villagers avoided the ruins by night and by day.

The Château du Val was not a lonely or solitary abode, and at that period the pretty town of Plancoët

afforded pleasant society. The river Arguenon ran through it, and on either bank were numerous white houses surrounded by gardens, the homes of members of the Breton aristocracy. In those days they gathered together in the provincial towns, the journey to Paris making life in the capital out of the question.

The families of de Bedée, de Rosmadec, de Ravenal, de Boisteilleul, des Ville-Audrains, all well-known names, were the friends and associates of the Chateaubriands. They had always been in touch with them even during their stay in St. Malo. Young René had been sent to nurse in Plancoët, and in the chapel of the Dominican church he had been vowed to wear the Virgin's colours during infancy. The young "Chevalier," as he was called, was well known in the countryside, and his memory has remained green. The tourist at St. Jacut is shown with pride in the Rue de l'Abbaye, a distant glimpse of Du Val in its gardens on the opposite shore, where in his Uncle Pierre's house René had passed many happy days.

"If ever I knew real happiness," he wrote in his *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, "it was at Plancoët," and he immortalized it in the episode of Velleda.¹

At that time there often came to Du Val a

¹ *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, vol. i. p. 36, gives particulars of René de Chateaubriand's life in Plancoët.

woman in humble circumstances, whose name must be mentioned, because, in the days of sorrow which were destined to fall on the family, she played a devoted part.

She was a dressmaker Mlle Lhôtelier, and she lived in St. Malo at the Petit-Placitre in an old house which exists quite unchanged in appearance to this day.

She used to stay at Du Val for weeks together, occupied in sewing, and little by little she became more and more devoted to the family, with that humble fidelity which existed often then between the lower orders and those on whom they depended. She was intelligent as well as industrious; the children loved her, and she would gather them round her as she sat at work and tell them stories. Such old servants are fast disappearing. The René de Chateaubriands had one also of the name of Ville-neuve, who is mentioned in the great writer's books.

Besides the noble families who resided in the fine stone houses, with the flights of steps and balustrades and gable roofs at Plancoët, the Chateaubriands had many friends who lived, like themselves in manor-houses in the country, and were called by the name of their property, as is still the custom in the Highlands of Scotland, and the chief of these, who played a prominent part in Armand's after-life, was the owner of Boisé-Lucas.

At that time the house was occupied by a M. de Launay, a lieutenant in the artillery coastguard at St. Cast. The manor of Boisé-Lucas was in rather a retired spot, off the main road at the turn where stood the Chapel of St. Brigide, and was reached by a twisting and deep lane, charming in spring-time, but full of mud during the winter.

The old house was still standing in 1909; one wing had been demolished, and it is now probably a complete ruin.

It was the scene of such dramatic interest in the life of Armand, that we would fain still see the house which sheltered him in his direst need. The house was built of stone, with a wide deeply sloping roof reaching on one side almost to the ground, and giving it a most picturesque appearance. A small tower with dormer windows adorned the south side. A curious double door, surmounted by a window, led into the principal room, which was ornamented by a vast chimney-piece. This was the chief living-room. A narrow passage behind terminated in the staircase, which led to the floor above.

The then owner, M. de Launay, was of a very old family, and reckoned among his ancestors the celebrated Geoffroy de Plessis, founder of the College of Sorbonne.

His income was small, but suitable for his wants in the modest manor of Boisé-Lucas, which was quite

a gentleman's house, although its shattered remains had only the appearance of a poor farm. De Launay, or Boisé-Lucas as he was more often called, married in 1781 at the age of fifty, a young girl of seventeen named Maximilienne de la Natillais, who lived in the Place Basse, Plancoët.

She was tall and beautiful, highly cultivated, and gifted with an ardent imagination. This made her very loyal. She adored the King, the old régime, and the ancient aristocracy. Her elderly husband, who was a very handsome man, had but one idea—he was insatiable for sport, and cared only for hunting and shooting; this caused him to be but a dull companion to the young wife, who spent half her time with her parents in the town, and there her only son was born in 1782, and was named Maximilien.

He grew up with the beauty of his mother, her refined ideas and romantic and chivalresque notions, rather a dangerous state of mind in the days that were about to fall upon them, although such sentiments were highly applauded in the peaceful circle in the family house in the Place Basse at Plancoët.

When Armand was old enough for a more advanced education than he could receive at home, he was placed in the college at Dinan.

Naturally sensitive, he was not happy there for he found life cold and dreary in the dull classroom, and pined for his home. His days hitherto had been

spent in the open air on the cliffs, and in the woods, or in the fisher boats on the sea. Physical exercises appealed to him, and above all things was his deep love of the sea.

He had shown his aptitude for a sailor's work from his earliest childhood. Not a young fellow in St. Cast who could better than himself sail a boat, or draw in his nets. He knew every current in the bay, the name of every creek and rock, the deep pools where fish abounded, and the shelters best loved by the cormorants and curlews. All the children in the countryside were his friends, and the sailors and fisher-folk were his teachers. His skill as a shot was proverbial, and he never missed a sea-bird even in its strong flight.

This brought him to the notice of the chief sportsman in the district the owner of Bois  -Lucas, who did not at all scorn his company on his shooting expeditions, and he confided the education of his son Maxime in all matters of sport to young Armand, knowing that he could not find him a more able instructor.

Maxime, although he inherited his mother's temperament, was, like his father, a keen lover of the chase, and he and Armand became close friends, in spite of the considerable difference between their ages.

The one desire of Armand's heart was to become

a sailor, but, being the second son, his father considered it obligatory that he should be a priest, as his elder son Pierre would carry on the ancestral profession. He was a very fine young man, and his name was entered for the Royal Navy.

Poor Armand was therefore informed he must continue his studies with a view of entering the Grand Seminary. Providence, however, willed it otherwise.

On his first voyage the unfortunate Pierre was drowned in a great storm off the coast of Africa. The capricious sea, so long a firm ally of this race of hardy sailors, to whom she had given fortune and happiness, had now turned against them, and taken revenge on this promising young member of the family.

By this unforeseen disaster, Armand became the only son of his father, and he promptly left his clerical studies and begged permission to qualify at once as a sailor, for the sea was the only career he desired, and from his earliest childhood it had appealed to him more than anything else, and best reason of all, there must always be a Chateaubriand serving his country as a sailor.

But his father objected: the sea had just robbed him of his much-loved elder boy, and to risk the other child was too much; he could not consent.

Just at that time, René the "Chevalier," and their school comrades, Andre Desilles and Gresril,

were all about to join the army, and urged Armand to become a soldier also. This Pierre de Chateaubriand consented to, and he obtained a commission for the boy in the Poitou Infantry. Never again would those happy, cloudless days in the Val de l'Arguenon return. Once the nestlings have taken their first flight they rarely come back, and the nest remains empty.

Pierre slept his last sleep in the sea, real cemetery of a sailor. Adelaide had married the Chevalier de Kerouallan, a brilliant young officer with good prospects. Marie, to follow the pious traditions of the family, was to become a nun, and intended to take vows as a Trappistine, and now Armand had joined a regiment.

Only Emilie and little Modeste remained with their parents, and a veil of melancholy descended over du Val de l'Arguenon.

CHAPTER III

WITH THE ARMY OF THE PRINCES

AT the commencement of the Revolution, many noble families and officers of the King's army, seeing the dangerous cloud on the horizon thought it prudent to retire for a while to England, and they embarked in such numbers from St. Malo, that some days the roads were blocked by their carriages, which had to proceed in single file through the woods of Pontuale to Dinard, these roads being mere tracks. The storm-cloud had not yet burst, but this emigration question was a burning one, and the chief topic of conversation as early as 1791. When Armand came home on his first leave his parents debated this grave matter. Should their son go over in safety to Jersey, or should not his vow of fidelity oblige him rather to recross France, and enrol himself in the fine Army of the Princes on the eastern frontier, who were making preparation to rescue the King and replace him on the throne of France?

"I think," said Comte Pierre de Chateaubriand to his son, "that as you have vowed fidelity to the

King, honour obliges you to join those who are fighting for his cause."

"That has been my opinion all along," answered Armand, "and nothing would induce me to abandon my country."

So one morning shortly after he set off in hunting costume, with his gun on his shoulder followed by his dogs, and accompanied by some of his young companions. But when the mists of evening came on, blotting out the view of sea and land, he managed to evade them, and did not return home. It had been a pretext to leave without drawing attention to his having done so, that the authorities might remain in the dark as to his movements. He was young, loyal, and full of superb illusions. Royalist by race and conviction, full of religious sentiment, he left the paternal mansion with the ardour of the Crusaders of old.

He joined the Army of the Princes which was mainly composed of gentlefolk, and asked for no rank being quite willing to serve as a simple soldier, and, although he had turned his back upon his beloved ocean, he was never happier than when he donned the King's uniform of blue with ermine facings in the regiment commanded by the Breton Colonel, Goyon-Miniac.

One day in July 1792, while the regiment was at Trèves, a stranger appeared before the soldiers of the guard and begged to be allowed to join. He was

distinguished-looking, with a refined and rather pensive countenance, unlike the usual class of recruits.

It was no other than René de Chateaubriand, the "Chevalier," just returned from America. The men gathered round him and a rather noisy discussion ensued. "Why should they accept the services of this late comer, this laggard?" were the words passed round, and finally with scant ceremony he was advised to return whence he had come.

Profoundly disgusted at such a reception, and with evidently no chance of seeing any superior officer the Chevalier prepared to depart, when all at once to his surprise Armand appeared on the scene in his royal blue uniform.

The cousins met with joy. Armand at once took him under his protection. He represented to the soldiers who had rejected him who he was, and pleaded his cause. These men, who were most of them Breton nobles, relented. He was taken before the colonel, to whom he explained that he had only just arrived from America, having specially come over to serve his country. The campaign had certainly opened, but fighting had not begun; he would be in time for the first action.

René declared his willingness to leave the camp, but not before he had obtained satisfaction for what he considered was an undeserved insult. This settled the point; he was unanimously declared to be a good

fellow, and the ranks opened to receive him, and he was asked to choose which corps he would belong to.¹

The cousins now began their life together as brothers-in-arms. They shared the same fatigues and sufferings, the same poor shelter and scanty food, and the same dreams of glory. To share and share alike was their custom through the campaign, even to their clothes and accoutrements.

On the 1st of September the Army of the Princes arrived before Thionville, and took up its position on the slopes which rose on each side of the road leading to the town. The eight companies of Breton soldiers occupied the streets in one of the suburbs. A fusillade was soon opened on them, and it was there that Armand received his baptism of fire. The siege was a very prolonged one; the royal troops were not in sufficient numbers to invest the town. At last news was brought them that the Prince of Waldeck was going to attempt an assault, and orders were given that the Breton Regiment was to make an attack on Thionville on the French side.

Gladly did the soldiers learn the news, and at daybreak the army was in line of battle; but very soon it became rumoured that a detachment commanded by Kellermann was about to surprise the Bretons, which in fact they did, but thanks to the information received they drove them back with great loss to the

¹ *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, vol. i. p. 55.

enemy, though not without considerable thinning of the ranks of the French contingent.

René relates in his books a romantic little episode which occurred that day. There was a deaf-and-dumb girl named Libba who followed the army and who had attached herself to Armand. Oblivious to danger, and unable to hear the sound of the cannon or the cries of the wounded, she sat by the roadside and watched the battle. Her dress was bespattered with blood as one by one the soldiers fell in the ranks beside her. She rested her fair-haired head on her hand, with her eyes fixed on the company in which Armand was fighting—the man who had inspired her with love, the hero of her dreams. She saw him fall, dead for aught she knew, and watched him being lifted on to the ambulance. Poor Libba, she doubtless shed many tears over the brave young soldier who passed out of her life that day, but her short love story has gone down to posterity in one of René's most touching pages. But her hero was not dead, and when the army moved to Verdun he was once more fit for active service.

At Verdun they all enjoyed some well-earned rest, and were soon thirsting for fresh victories ; but there the Great Condé, the Commander-in-Chief, dispersed the army, after a solemn ceremony in which they all marched past saluting him before the final order to strike their tents.

“When an army is disbanded,” wrote René, “they return to their homes, but the army of Condé had no homes.” This was true enough. After laying down their muskets, which they had carried in defence of their King, they were barely allowed to cut down staves in the woods to help them on their way ; they were simply left to wander defenceless and without resources. The wounded were better off. René, who was of the number, was taken to Brussels in a *fourgon* belonging to the Prince de Ligne, and from there he managed to reach the seaport of Ostend where he embarked for Jersey, and repaired to the house of his maternal uncle. Armand did not even have the chance of a lift on a baggage waggon with which to reach the coast, but had to content himself with the symbolical staff of the pilgrim and make his way as best he could. In the end he reached the sea and took ship, but unlike his cousin he had no relatives on the island at that period to give him a welcome home. Later on he was to find something better on that favoured isle, for there he was destined to meet his fate.

CHAPTER IV

BEGINNING OF THE TERROR IN BRITTANY

AT this period Jersey was full of French noble families mostly from Brittany, who were feverishly awaiting a sign from the Princes to descend in force on the coast of France.

Their situations on the island were in general very precarious. The few louis they had rapidly gathered together in their flight were for the most part already expended, and they had little to depend on save a monthly allowance from the Government of the island of 36 livres, less than £2 of current money.

The reception they had met with from the inhabitants had been most cordial, indeed, in the local vocabulary they talked of Jersey as the "Island of Friends." This in a measure modified and made up for their poor means of living.

Armand on landing at once looked out for some suitable place in which to lodge, and became an inmate of a family of the name of Le Brun, who lived half a mile from the Bay of Gorey in a charming

little house called the Cottage of d'Anneville, in the parish of St. Martin.

It was the situation that first took the fancy of the young soldier, and he learned that Mme Le Brun was willing and glad to receive a lodger.

From the moment that Armand landed in Jersey, his mind was filled with but one desire, and a very rash one it was—to return to France.

Of course he would thereby endanger his liberty if not his life, as he would be at once under the ban of the Government on account of his services with the Royalists, but this did not act as a deterrent to him.

True child of the sea that he was, it would be easy enough for him to reach the beloved shores could he have a small boat moored in some lonely bay. From the room which had been allotted to him he could see the sea, and hear her voice speaking to him of the radiant shores of France. It spoke too of his natal city, and the sweet glades round the manor-house of d'Arguenon ; and at evening, when the breeze murmured among the trees of his home, surely his name must be often on the lips of his parents to whom he was so dear. Surely they longed for his return.

The Le Brun family had originally belonged to Bayeux in Normandy, and they were members of the old noblesse. Among their ancestors was Jehan Le Brun, Vicomte de Bayeux, who, in 1494, was one of the most intrepid defenders of the Mont St. Michel.

Even before that date they could trace other distinguished men among their lineage, an admiral and a chief of the legionaries of their province. At the time of the Reformation they had become Protestants, and left France in the seventeenth century owing to the persecutions. These descendants lived in a very modest fashion indeed, shorn of all the former grandeur of the family, their principal source of income being derived from the products of the little domain of d'Anneville, and the guests they received under its roof.¹

Madame Le Brun was a widow. She had one married daughter and two younger ones at home, besides a son who lived with her. One of these girls was named Jenny. She was remarkably pretty in rather a striking style, somewhat after the type of a head by Lawrence, as was said of her later by the Chateaubriand family. Tall and slight with an air of distinction she was possessed of much charm. Her eyes were large and dark, and her complexion was very fair. She was altogether quite fitted to attract a susceptible young man, but for the moment Armand had no eyes for beauty, no thoughts save for his country.

Soon after his arrival at the cottage he fell seriously ill, from the effects of what he had suffered from wounds and hardships while in Condé's army.

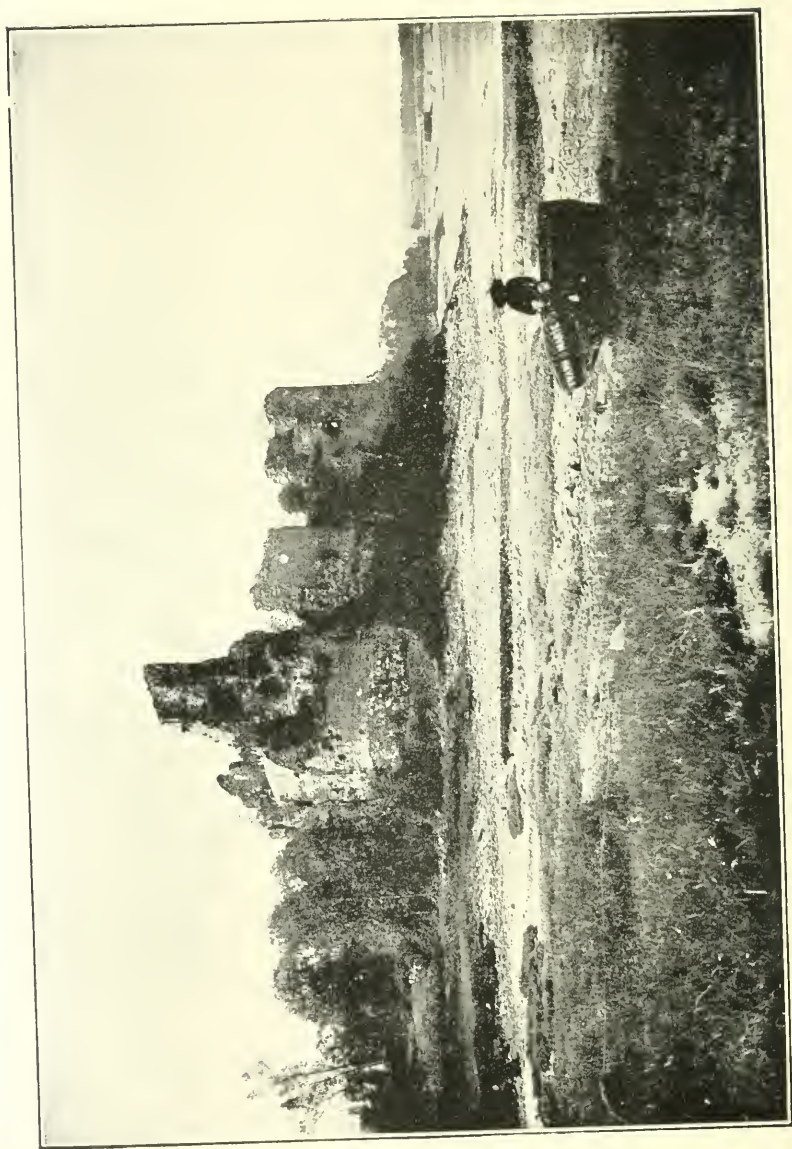
¹ See Appendix III.

Mme Le Brun sat by his bedside and nursed him with the care of a mother. She could not have bestowed more attention on her own son. Soon however, youth asserting itself, his health and strength returned and soon the days of convalescence were established. Then he was able to spend his time lying out under the shade of the trees in the pretty garden, the grounds of which sloped down to the sandy shore of Gorey Bay.

Jenny, brought up in the simple fashion of country life and free from conventionality, had no hesitation in joining the invalid man and helping him to while away the long hours.

Armand loved to talk to her. He told her at length, of his misfortunes of his parents and his home at Val d'Arguenon. He would fix his eyes on the sea, that emerald barrier that divided him from all he held most dear, and then, turning away his gaze from what only added to his pain, would meet the sympathetic face of Jenny, and in the isolation of his heart the company of this lovely girl became an attraction to which he soon felt irresistibly drawn.

One day when he felt infinitely better, he determined to put into effect an idea which had been smouldering in his mind. He managed to procure a large boat, and in this somewhat hazardous craft in which to put out into the stormy sea, navigated it himself towards the coast of Brittany.



LE GUILDO.

Ruins of the Château de Gilles de Bretagne.

From that time on he took constant voyages, neglecting even the most elementary precautions. Sometimes the state of the wind and sea would drive him as far as the bay of St. Cast, or somewhere on the coast near St. Malo. When he succeeded in actually reaching the shores of France he would moor his boat in some well-known creek, and if near St. Cast would hide himself in the subterraneous passages of the ruin of Guildo, where he had played in childhood. The peasants and fisherfolk his old friends, soon got to hear of his presence, and brought him food by night. They carried his correspondence, and brought him news from Du Val, as he did not dare to go in person to seek for it.

One evening he took the son of a farmer, well known to him, as a guide, and he was attempting to embark close below the gardens of the manor-house, when a patrol of the Custom-house men passed by and at once fired down upon him.

"Wretch ! you have betrayed me !" cried Armand, turning in a fury upon the boy, and raising his pistol he fired straight at him, determined to sell his life as dearly as he could.

"Ah ! my master," moaned the unfortunate youth, turning on him a look of gentle reproach, "death matters little to me, if you think me a traitor."

This touching answer enlightened Armand as to the terrible mistake he had made. In those dreadful

days every one went with his life in his hand, and saw a foe even in a familiar friend. He was filled with grief but powerless to repair the mischief, nor could he even venture to remain beside the wounded lad, for the patrol was coming down.

"God forgive me!" he cried; "think of your soul and pray for mine," and wringing his hand he dashed away into the thicket.

When the wind and the currents drove him to St. Malo, it was always at Le Petit-Placitre that he found shelter in the abode of Mlle Lhôtelier, the dress-maker. Without thought of the risks she ran, her very life being endangered by receiving an outlaw, her sole idea was the safety of Armand.

In spite of the rough life he now led, he had all the tastes of the wealthy—such, indeed as his birth and education had entitled him to. His weapons were of the best, his carbine and pistols inlaid with silver and bearing his crest.

"Monsieur Armand," she used to say, "with these things in your possession you will be recognized and arrested."

But Armand only laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

As to Jenny, she waited in agonies of fear for his return from his madcap voyages. With the perspicuity of a woman she readily guessed that these expeditions had a mysterious object, but that

it was more of a political nature than a mere love of family. In consequence of this the danger was all the greater.

When Armand returned to d'Anneville, he began again the life he had led there during convalescence. He used to spend his days sitting under the shady trees as peacefully as if he had never been away on these wild voyages. Jenny would sit with him, but she could not keep back her alarms, and used to implore him to be more prudent in the future. But Armand only replied with jesting words.

Every day she felt more and more drawn towards this proud, brave young nobleman, and her heart overflowed with sympathy over his ill-fortune and his exile ; and on his side Armand was fast falling in love with Jenny.

Already the Reign of Terror had begun in France, and on the opposite coast of Brittany it was being severely felt. On account of St. Malo being on the frontier of the province, and because of the probability of large numbers of emigrants and English landing there, the National Assembly had appointed a Proconsul for the town.

The man who was honoured by their choice was a certain Jean-Baptiste Le Carpentier. About thirty-two years of age, he was a native of Cherbourg, and a lawyer by profession. In appearance he was small, had a thin face with fine features,

and a gentle expression of countenance. In character he was crafty and ambitious, and, thanks to the Revolution this insignificant Normandy attorney suddenly found himself at one bound transported into the highest possible position. He was a Proconsul, that is to say omnipotent, the ruler over a vast area consisting of La Manche, Ille-et-Vilaine, Le Morbihan, and the Côtes-du-Nord.

He was the embodiment of the people whom he represented. He alone symbolized the central power in the fine old corsair city which till now had been so proud of its liberty.

Le Carpentier had under his orders an army, and a fleet—an army with which to overawe the brigands who were roaming through the country stirring up the people, and a fleet to enable him to defeat the plans of the emigrants, who arrived in numbers in English vessels off the Cap Fréhel, waiting for a propitious moment to land in France.

Not that the little Norman lawyer could count on a large number of troops—few were willing to serve in his ranks or to man his ships; but he reckoned on a powerful ally in the shape of the deadly fear that was overwhelming the country, and he knew how to work without ceasing.

In September 1793 the Proconsul made his triumphal entry into St. Malo. A procession of the Mayor and Councillors headed by the chief members

of the district had met him at Paramé, where the Citizen Perruchot had saluted him in the name of the nation.

When Le Carpentier's carriage reached the Gate of the Sans-Culottes as it was then called, the patriots unharnessed the horses and dragged it themselves into the town to the strains of revolutionary music. Around them ran women in ragged petticoats and disordered carmagnoles, red caps were carried at the end of pikes, while the band brayed, and swords clattered on the pavements.

"It is surely the Antichrist," said the good women of St. Malo as they fled to their attics, where in secret they could make the sign of the Cross.

"*Vive la Nation!* Long live the Revolution!" cried the ladies whose husbands formed part of the Council, as they stood on their stone balconies and threw flowers down on this masquerade.

The little lawyer, the hero of the hour, with his tricolour scarf, bowing to right and left at the homage paid to him, had indeed come with very sinister motives. He meant to plant the principles of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality in the City of the Corsairs, in spite of every obstacle. First of all, it was necessary to stop the depopulation, and prevent the inhabitants from escaping from the town.

"We want at least three thousand good sans-culottes," he announced.

And now began the real Terror with all its horrors, in the Clos-Poulet, as the district was called. A guillotine was erected in the Place St. Thomas, which was the military centre. There were daily firing parties on the Grande Grève, and lugubrious bands of prisoners were dispatched to Paris by slow transit in ammunition waggons, with hardly so much as a bundle of hay in them on which to seat the unhappy victims.

Among one of the first to be incarcerated as a suspect was Comte Pierre de Chateaubriand, Lord of du Plessis and of the Manor of Val d'Arguenon.

There were various charges against him. For one thing, his son, Armand was known to have emigrated, while his eldest daughter, Adelaide, was married to a noble the Chevalier de Kerouallan, who had fought with the Princes and then emigrated to Jersey.

So one evening the National Guard arrived at Du Val to arrest the whole family: M. de Chateaubriand, his wife, Marie (who had not yet taken the veil), Emilie, and little Modeste. They were hardly allowed time to collect a few necessaries and changes of linen, because the cart was waiting for them, and the way was long, and the soldiers impatient.

They were driven to St. Malo and shut up in the Convent de la Victoire now turned into a prison. Here they were allowed to receive their own food and clothes. This order was given by the Proconsul, not from humanity, but to save the expense of their keep.

After this every morning there stood at the door of the convent a working-woman with a basket on her arm — this was Mlle Lhôtelier. The rules did not permit of her speaking to her masters, but it authorized her to carry them their daily food and necessary linen.

Devotion brings ingenuity in its train, and Mlle Lhôtelier used to slip tiny notes into the deep hems of the linen, and with her finger silently denoted the spot where they would be found.

The unfortunate prisoners who were located in the damp cellars of the old convent, died like flies. Most of them had insufficient bedding and coverings, and moreover the air was foul. The Chateaubriands were better off than some, but the hardships fell more severely on the well-born and gently nurtured.

On the 21st of August 1794, the General Council of the corporation received the following letter from the Revolutionary Committee :—

“This is to inform the citizens that last night in our house of detention the death occurred at seven

in the evening, of Pierre Chateaubriand, aged sixty-seven. He was buried to-day. His death has been certified by Citoyens Grezel and Martin, health officers.

“We therefore request you to register the same.—
Salutations and Fraternity,

“SAINTOT, President.”¹

Mme de Chateaubriand had died a month earlier, and shortly after her father's death Marie succumbed to an epidemic in the prison.

With scant ceremony were the deaths of these victims notified. Armand learnt the sad news from Mlle Lhôtelier on his next visit to her. He knew now that his parents and his sister were released from their sufferings, and that, save for the two younger ones who were left, he was alone in the world and moreover a price was put on his own head.

On the 22nd of April, some weeks after his father's death, his uncle, the Comte de Chateaubriand, head of the family, was guillotined in Paris, and his three cousins, as unfortunate as his sisters, were languishing in prison.

Julie, Mme de Farcy, had been sent to a house of detention at Rennes, as well as her sister-in-law, Celeste the wife of René; while Lucille, the other sister had purposely procured her imprisonment there,

¹ National Archives of St. Malo.

for she had promised her brother René never to abandon his wife, and ultimately they all fortunately recovered their liberty. As to René, Armand had no knowledge as to his whereabouts; probably he was a penniless exile, much the same as he was himself. He had no knowledge as to his estate, or what had become of his property. The district Assembly had ordered seals to be put on the private possessions of the nobles who had been suspended. Du Val was sequestered like the rest, and had been turned into a barrack. The soldiers of the Republic had begun by pillaging the château and had nearly demolished it. Without home or family or means of subsistence, there seemed nothing left to him in life, and as a further misfortune, his sister Adelaide, who had emigrated to Jersey lost her husband the Chevalier de Kerouallan the same month that had witnessed their sad bereavements.

CHAPTER V

“THE CELESTIAL MESSENGER”

THE religious persecution to which they were subjected, united the nobles and clergy and peasants of Brittany.

Mirabeau predicted it.

“The Assembly,” he wrote, “hugs a strange delusion if they think that the dismissal of two thousand of the clergy will have no effect on the kingdom.”

When these measures were carried out, and the change effected by replacing the country rectors by unauthorized intruders, there needed only a lighted torch to cause an explosion.

The man who undertook to furnish this fire-brand was the Marquis de la Rouërie. His was not an undertaking lightly determined on, and he began operations by applying for assistance from the Comte d'Artois.

For this purpose de la Rouërie left for England, where he understood the Prince was staying, but found to his disappointment he had left for Coblenz, where he followed him. Here they discussed the

project of a general rising in Brittany, and the Comte d'Artois highly approved of the plan. As it would be necessary that he should be kept well informed of all that was going on, it was arranged that a regular messenger service should be established with Brittany.

On leaving the royal presence, the Marquis met in the streets of Coblenz a man named George de Fontevieux, who had served under him in America, and knowing him to be thoroughly trustworthy he offered the post to him. This was the origin of the celebrated “Correspondance des Princes.”

All this took place before the general outburst of the Revolution.

It was in 1791 that de la Rouërie issued his manifesto. The plot was most carefully thought out. Every cathedral town and every headquarters of a district was to appoint six delegates chosen from among the clergy, the nobles, and the middle classes. These six men were to form a council of administration for the transmission of orders from the Marquis ; also to see to the recruiting and arming of troops and the maintenance of the same, the funds for which had to depend on the treasures that might accrue during the war. He had also extended the conspiracy to Jersey, and from thence to London.

The nobles from Brittany were steadily increasing in numbers in both those places.

For the service between England and France, a young man the Chevalier de Tenténiac was chosen. He had been an officer in the Royal Navy, but had been obliged to leave the service on account of an indiscreet love affair.

He willingly undertook the work and led a roving existence, spending most of his time carrying dispatches and risking his life daily.

By reason of its topographical situation and its nearness to Jersey St. Malo became the very centre and core of the conspiracy. Its treasurer was old Marc Desilles, Seigneur de Cambernon, who lived in his Château de Fosse-Hingant. Thomazeau, the chief ironmonger of St. Malo, was the purveyor of arms and ammunition which all came from England. Their entrance into France was facilitated, thanks to Georges Vincent who acted as Lieutenant to de la Rouërie, and who drew up papers to deceive the authorities.

Thus arrived in St. Malo 3600 muskets, 1500 lb. of lead and powder, and four cannon.

While the Council of the Conspiracy effected the entrance of arms and supplies of provisions, they also assisted the return of emigrants, who, having fled at the first sound of alarm now wanted to assist in the rising. As yet the port of St. Malo was open, and though rumours grew more alarming, the possibility of escape from or return to France

was still possible to them. The nobles of Brittany had responded with enthusiasm to the call to arms of their brave leader the Marquis de la Rouërie, and some of the best names in the country are recorded as having enrolled under his banner.

Gronte de la Motte, a former sailor, became Commander of the Chouans.¹

Two brothers, Victor and St. Malo of the Baron-nais of St. Enogat, organized the work in the diocese of Dinan. Henri de la Vieux-ville, Capitaine Dufour de St. Colomb, and many other well-known men took an active share. Among them was Noël Préjean, better known under the name of Prigent.

This man was the son of a fruiterer at St. Malo. He had been from boyhood upward a good sportsman and an intrepid huntsman. As a rower he was without an equal, and he was also a constant attendant at the fencing-school at St. Malo. In this way he had come in contact with the young men of a class much superior to his own. He had been brought to the notice of the Marquis de la Rouërie, who employed him to carry round his orders to their associates.

Chévetal a doctor at Bazouge, who was the Marquis's personal friend, was engaged in like manner.

¹ When the peasants in La Vendée first rose against the Republic, they used to meet at night, and their signal was a cry imitating the screech-owl, or “Chat-huant.” This was corrupted into the word “Chouan,” by which name they were called henceforth.

Chévetal was a traitor, he was got hold of by Danton ; and when up in Paris in 1792 he revealed the whole plot of the conspiracy, with all its ramifications in London and Jersey.

The Marquis de la Rouërie was brutally murdered in January 1793 in his Château de la Guyomaraïs, and all the papers and the correspondence with the Comte d'Artois were seized.

The party were thus thrown into disorder, and nothing was left but flight for those who were fortunate enough to escape. Chévetal, ashamed of the part he had played, preferred to remain in retirement, though he still meant to work in secret in the hope of gaining advancement for himself.

When Prigent got news of the melancholy event, he hastily got his guns and dogs, and, dressed in his shooting costume to allay suspicion, he started off to La Fosse-Hingant. On the way he met Chévetal riding a fine mare which had belonged to the murdered Marquis.

“Where are you going?” asked Prigent.

“To St. Malo,” was the reply.

“You had better retrace your steps. Thomazeau and Vincent have been arrested, and I am going on to warn old M. Desilles and tell him to burn his papers.”

This reply shows that this Judas had managed to keep his doings secret from the party to which he nominally belonged.

Prigent went on in haste and visited the houses of some of the conspirators.

He stopped at the Château de Toute-Nais, near La Fosse-Hingant, where lived the family of du Buat, and warned them to be on their guard. When he reached M. Desilles' house he implored him to burn all his papers. His friends Mme de la Fonchais and Mme de Virel, who were present, joined their entreaties, and with some difficulty they extracted a promise from him that he would do so.

However, no sooner had Prigent gone on his way than Chévetal presented himself in turn, and gave exactly opposite advice. Desilles who was old and weak, allowed himself to be convinced by the last-comer.

When Prigent reached his home he learned that he was about to be arrested, and went off to warn Dournel the old fencing-master who was also implicated. Together they fled in the direction he had taken that morning, as he was anxious to hear what was happening at Fosse-Hingant, and heard that the old man had been seen running towards the coast wringing his hands like one possessed. Prigent once more went to his rescue, and overtook him hiding in a shed full of cows. He forced him to come on, and aided by his friends managed to find a boat in which they all embarked, and a

favouring breeze took them over safely to the English coast.

This escape of Prigent, one of the few who survived the unfortunate conspiracy of the Marquis de la Rouërie, was however destined in the end to bring about the ruin of Armand de Chateaubriand, as after events will show.

These occurrences took place prior to the establishment of the Proconsul at St. Malo, but the storm had already burst. Fear filled all hearts, security there was none, neither of persons nor of possessions.

This exodus was not a secret. The roads were blocked by families seeking to reach England while there was yet time. They carried with them their plate, and as much of their money as they could in specie. When near the town of St. Malo they would abandon their carriages in lonely roads. These were stolen, or brought into the town to be publicly sold, and many of them had fine coats of arms painted on them. The fugitives preferred to trust to escape among the secluded bays of St. Cast, Gildo, Lancieux, and Rotherneuf. These pleasant summer resorts, full of visitors in the present day, were then unfrequented and desolate spots. Here they could find refuge in certain safe houses placed at their disposal, in which the women and children could rest in comparative safety till the hour of embarkation.

This wholesale emigration naturally began to alarm

the authorities, who applied to the National Assembly to know what steps they could take to prevent it. Strong measures were at once taken, and great secrecy on the part of the fugitives became necessary. St. Malo was fast becoming impossible, and too dangerous as a port of departure.

But the troubles of the refugees were by no means over when they reached the shore ; often the worst was yet to come. On dark nights, when there was no moon and the sea was rough or with a heavy swell after a storm, a watchman on the cliff would see the approach of a vessel, which with a timid and uncertain advance waited for signals. These the watchman gave with his dark lantern, in which he burnt coloured lights, and the ship responded by signalling with the sails. They knew too well the danger of being surprised by the coastguardsmen even on that lonely shore.

Presently the mysterious vessel, a lugger or cutter generally of pretty big tonnage, would send out a small boat manned by strong rowers. These on arrival hastily deposited arms and ammunition on the sandy beach.

The watchman meanwhile had returned to the village, and as he spread the news, from door to door was whispered the cabalistic phrase : “ The Celestial Messenger has arrived.”

Then from the hiding - places emerged the

travellers, women carrying sleeping children, terrified girls, old and feeble priests, and men armed to the teeth—a mixture of all classes, many of them belonging to the most noble families in the land.

They formed a melancholy procession along the cliffs, trembling lest the vessel, the goal of their hopes and desires, might have vanished without waiting for them. This was a danger very likely to happen if a patrol of soldiers or a coastguard party had come that way. In such a case, either an attack was made and blood flowed freely, or the ship was obliged to put out to sea for safety.

But most dangerous of all was the process of getting into the boats, for the night chosen was always dark, the little bay one of the most inaccessible, and the sea running high—for on calm, fine nights the search for emigrants was much more stringent, and embarkation therefore not to be attempted. The loss of life was constant; numbers of the emigrants perished in spite of all the efforts of the brave men who sought to rescue them.

Many of these vessels belonged to smugglers, who were adepts at this sort of work, for they knew every inch of the coast. This the Government soon began to realize, and they doubled their precautions and their coastguards; while they prohibited all vessels of any kind leaving a port after sundown.

One of the foremost among these defrauders of

the guillotine, as they were called, and whose bark was known by the touching name of the “Celestial Messenger,” was Armand de Chateaubriand, the “Friend of the Waves”—the friend too of all the countryside. He carried on this dangerous work of acting ferryman across the stormy Channel entirely from motives of humanity, from the time that he was officially appointed to the “Correspondance des Princes.” To him it was an intense joy to arrive in his ship on these wild, dark nights ; and when he was successful in carrying them back in safety he rejoiced still more. Besides, on each voyage he brought from England numbers of priests anxious and willing to return, and members of the party of Chouans.

Various reasons brought them back to their unhappy country : ties of family, personal affairs, or love of self-sacrifice. In their first compulsory flight they had perforce been obliged to abandon old parents, young children, or affianced brides, and now they returned in search of them to their blood-stained country.

There is ever that love of the Motherland, that mysterious, irresistible attraction which draws her children back to her.

The world admired the sublime poem, *Le Génie du Christianisme*, which René de Chateaubriand brought out to the astonishment of France after the

Revolution. May we not equally admire the heroism of his cousin, the brave "Celestial Messenger," who, on his tempest-tossed bark the very symbol of his tempest-tossed country, brought back these patriotic returning sons of the soil, home-sick for their country, and took over the helpless fugitives who but for him, would many of them have fallen by the guillotine.

The Reign of Terror had begun by this time in Brittany as well as Paris, and the sinister Proconsul of St. Malo was hunting down all suspects with relentless cruelty.

Among those who returned were numbers of priests, who were anxious to resume their ministry, and exercise its holy rites in secret.

This *culte secret*, as it was called, was a most heroic action, and was celebrated even in the worst days of that dark hour. In the cellars of the old houses in St. Malo the faithful would meet for the sacred observances with these undaunted and courageous ministers of religion. Nor was it only under shelter that they met.

Mass was said in the thickets of the woods of Thomelin, under the branching trees at La Hunandaye, and more solemn still was the service held in that finest of all cathedrals, under the open vault of heaven on the broad ocean.

On the deck of the frail vessel with storm-rent clouds overhead and tossing waves below them, the

priest officiated at his temporary altar, often pitching at a perilous angle, while the rude fishermen of Cancale, or St. Cast, or St. Jacut, would gather round the emigrant vessels in their small boats, kneeling devoutly with uncovered heads at the elevation of the Host.¹

The number of men and women that this brave mariner snatched from death must have been many indeed. Armand was too modest to give any statistics himself, but Noël Prigent gave it as his opinion there must have been at least twelve hundred.

¹ “The Mass at Sea,” was the subject of a fine picture by Louis Duveau. To be seen in the Museum at Rennes.

CHAPTER VI

“THE CORRESPONDANCE OF THE PRINCES”

IN the early days of September 1794, Armand de Chateaubriand went on board the *Nonsuch*, lying in the roads outside Jersey, to visit the Prince de Bouillon who had just been appointed Chief of the Correspondance in Brittany. Armand offered his services which were received with eagerness. What had determined the “Friend of the Waves” to take this step was told afterwards by Mlle Lhôtelier, in whose humble abode he so often took shelter, and the confidences she received were among the many interesting facts afterwards recorded by the Chateaubriand family.

“I do not share in the illusions of most of the emigrants,” Armand said to her one day. “I do not expect the speedy return of the royal family, and when they do re-enter France, I much doubt whether the greater part of the nobility will be re-instated in their former position. But my honour as a gentleman, and the vow of fidelity I made when I became a soldier of the King, makes me feel that I

owe it to my conscience, whatever may be the consequences, to serve the cause to the end.”

In thus taking up formally the task of official Messenger to the Prince, he did but carry on the work he had already begun. Philippe d’Auvergne, Prince de Bouillon, was a man of great intelligence, full of chivalry and kind-heartedness. In him the emigrants found a generous defender, for he aided their cause with the English Government. He was quite aware of the chance this offered to himself of furthering his fortunes, and he was not averse to flattery. The title of Prince fell pleasantly on his ears, for he had not been born to this rank.

His family was an ancient one and descended from Godefroy de Bouillon, but they were people in very small circumstances when the old Duke adopted the young Philippe and made him legally his heir and successor. When the new Prince came into his honours, his cult of etiquette was considered rather a joke in the *beau monde*, while his gallant adventures savoured somewhat of the comic opera. As time went on he was given an associate in the person of the Comte Joseph de Puisaye.

The service of the Correspondance between England and Brittany became however, a lamentable hot-bed of intrigue. De Bouillon and de Puisaye were rivals and tore each other to pieces. They both sought supreme favour with the brothers of

the late King as well as with the English Minister, till at last their political hatred became personal, and in the woods where the Chouans congregated, their private quarrels were settled in a duel.

Public sympathy has generally been with the party of the Prince de Bouillon, for the Puiséyens as they were called, cut a sorry figure, especially in the defeat of Quiberon where much blame rested on de Puisaye. He was a man of strong ambitions which made him turn ever to the rising sun, and when the Republic was first declared he became a commandant of the National Guard, as the most likely chance of success. He fought with the federal army at Wimpfel, where his *corps d'armée* was hopelessly defeated. He then changed his political opinions and threw himself into the cause of the Chouans, which seemed to open a door to his ambitious mind.

Some account of these men may better explain the failure of the great organization called La Correspondance des Princes.

In the spring of 1794 Puisaye was in Brittany. With the eye of a general he soon took into account the geographical situation of the province. Facing the English coast, with numberless bays suitable for secret embarkations, with wild moors, and woods and mountain roads the hiding-place for ambuscades, made it a wonderful field for action, more practicable than La Vendée, where the conspiracy

first began. Moreover the deeply religious spirit of the people and their native language, cut it off completely from the rest of France.

He determined in his turn to organize a general rising, and trusted to England for assistance. He followed out the plan begun by de la Rouërie. Each parish was to form a company, each canton was to be a subdivision, each department a military centre, while he was to be General-in-Chief of all the Catholic and Royal armies.

While waiting the propitious hour of rising, de Puisaye occupied himself in gathering in arms and ammunition ; he attended to the re-victualling of the towns, and above all endeavoured to restrain his soldiers from any acts of violence, which might have drawn down upon them the Republican troops.

Communications were passed from village to village by means of notices in hollow sticks. Messengers also were sent about the country announcing that the Comte d'Artois was to be at the head of the conspiracy, and that Monseigneur de Hercé Bishop of Dol, was charged with authority as representative of the Holy See, to assist the Princes and the emigrants. Paper currency of English manufacture was largely used, and the numbers enrolled increased daily. St. Malo and Dinan were the two places at which the Chouans in-

tended to concentrate, and to raise at least 12,000 insurgents.

On the 26th of June de Puisaye sent out his manifesto, but a bitter disappointment awaited them. The plan of the conspiracy had been seized at Dinan ; it was discovered sewn into the coat of a messenger who had become an object of suspicion to the authorities. The expected reinforcement of 12,000 men dwindled down to a small band of 200, who were cut to pieces in the forest of Liffré. Almost by a miracle Prigent effected his escape.

Although he was considerably discouraged the Comte de Puisaye did not give up hope, and he determined in December of that year to proceed to Jersey in company of Prigent and other faithful adherents.

Having had an unfortunate encounter with the patrol on their way to the shore, they had to take the first available means of flight, and they embarked, a party of eight in a boat only 16 feet long, with two bed-sheets for sails, three oars, and a young oak sapling as a mast. It was entirely owing to the nautical knowledge and courage of Noël Prigent that Puisaye and his companions reached the opposite shore in safety, and he retained an unalterable gratitude towards him ever after.

The Comte de Puisaye had many friends in London among the nobility and the members of the

Government, and he now determined to get himself elected Chief of the Correspondance, the Prince de Bouillon remaining the nominal head.

The manner in which the Correspondance was worked was as follows :—

The Agent appointed left for Brittany in a ship of pretty good tonnage. They had a whole flotilla of these vessels : the principal ones were the *Aristocrate*, the *Royaliste*, the *Daphne*. They were armed and well manned, and towed a small vessel suitable for debarkation and any service that might be required ; these were bigger and stronger than an ordinary long-boat.

Two Agents always accompanied each ship. One of them remained on board in charge, and had to give an account of the vessel's movements on his return, and the date on which the Prince's Messenger might be expected to get back. The other Agent was required to land with the letters. This service required men of special qualification ; the work was infinitely perilous and needed judgment, activity, and indomitable courage.

The coast from Cancale to St. Malo was guarded and patrolled by the coastguards. Tents for these men were erected all along the shore, about fifty paces apart. Every creek and haven and bay was watched day and night, and landing was only possible on the darkest and stormiest nights, when

the pattering of the rain, the roaring of the wind, and the noise of the surf drowned every other sound. Then they would crawl past the tents with their muskets slung round them, and always answered a "Qui vive" with a deadly shot in response.

Once past this danger in the darkness of the night, the Agent escorted by guides armed to the teeth and as brave as himself and who had been waiting for the signals from the ship, set off to reach one of the "Lignes de la Correspondance." These "Lignes" were regular road-maps, which had been established by the Marquis de la Rouërie; they extended in all directions towards Paris, and the "safe houses" were marked out on them, where the Agent could get food and rest.

The signal at these doors was a tapping on the window, or a grating on the stone step with a knife. The Agent had then to produce his passport, a sheet of paper with two seals, on one of which was the name he travelled under.

This was sufficient proof of his identity, and would assure his being a safe receiver of letters. He would lie hidden all day in garrets or lofts till nightfall. Later, under Bonaparte, these refuges were often discovered and therefore much reduced in numbers, and thickets were then often the only hiding-places. The Agent was expected to pay liberally as he went along, but to avoid the incon-

venience of carrying large sums of money the Correspondance provided them with notes called “billets de confiance.” But these led to many troubles. They were made out in the names of men who sometimes disappeared, or fell victims to the guillotine, and repayment was refused. De Puisaye let in a good many of his Agents in this manner.

This was the perilous employment in which Armand de Chateaubriand enlisted from choice, and in which he was officially enrolled in December 1794.

All these men had nicknames under which they travelled. Prigent was called “*Blondell*”; Maxime de Boisé-Lucas, “*Louvetean*”; Armand, “*John Fall Terrier*.”

The account of Armand de Chateaubriand’s voyages and adventures while in this service has been preserved in a journal written by his own hand, and is entitled “Book of Reports of the Mission of M. de Chateaubriand under the orders of the Duc de Bouillon, from December 1794 to August 1797.”¹

Some portions of this personal account of this curious and difficult service will be of interest, and will give an insight into the character and ideas of the man who so willingly threw himself into

¹ British Museum, Additional Manuscripts, 1797 ; Puisaye’s papers, vol. xxvi. These papers were seized by Fouché, but as it involved many people in England it was carefully preserved there.

this difficult and almost hopeless task. Indeed, this service redounds to the credit of many of its members. The Reign of Terror seems to have brought forth all that was brave and self-denying in the hearts of the gentlemen of Brittany, so many of whom perished in the cause of their country.

CHAPTER VII

JOURNAL OF THE PRINCE'S MESSENGER

IN December 1794, as soon as Armand de Chateaubriand was an accredited messenger, although he had been privately doing the work for a long time past, he was sent over to France to distribute a quantity of the paper currency already mentioned to the Agents at work among the villagers. As usual the landing was effected with difficulty, and he could find no shelter, the soldiers of the Republic being now billeted in the farms and cottages all over the country.

At last, in Ploubalay, he found a house to shelter in, where, the owner being laid up with dysentery, the soldiers refused to lodge. In secret he went to see the old rector of the parish, a brave old priest, who had refused to leave the country, and had remained at his post. To him Armand handed over the money, and then made his way back to his ship. In one of his notes he wrote the following :—

“The Prince de Bouillon having never asked me to send in reports in writing, I contented myself with giving an oral account of this trip.”

This shows the want of method in the carrying out of the scheme. He gives a more detailed description of the next time he was sent on the same errand—that is, to distribute the paper money ; this time in the neighbourhood of St. Malo.

“The violence of the wind was such that at night-fall we gave up all hope of getting in, and at dawn the south-east winds had so increased in force that there was nothing to be done but to run before the storm and take shelter at Guernsey, although we had to lie out in the roads and could not make that port either. All that day the storm raged with redoubled fury, but by evening we attempted to enter into the Chaussée, for the ship had been badly struck outside, and we feared serious damage. Whether it was that, or that the captain lost his anchor, we somehow missed the entrance, and we were violently thrown upon the rocks near the opening into the Chaussée. The keel was badly injured, and water began to pour in everywhere. However, the storm abated at last, and we got into port and spent Christmas at Guernsey, and asked for another vessel in which to return to Jersey. This was granted, and we got back there without having fulfilled our mission. Gouet, Bertin, and Prigent were with us.”

Another time he gives a graphic account of exciting adventures he went through:—

“I left Jersey on the 6th of February 1795, by

order of the Prince de Bouillon on the cutter *Phoenix*, commanded by Captain Pain. We had many French officers on board, among others M. le Froté and the Comte de Vasselot. These gentlemen wished to land at a certain point on the coast of Brittany, and we had a land guide and a pilot on board with us.

“It was a place where I had never landed before in my previous voyages, but this did not concern me ; all I had to do was to render an account of the landing to the Prince.

“The wind was blowing strong on the coast. We were escorted by the lugger *Royaliste*, but we lost sight of her towards evening. At eight we came suddenly within firing distance of a gunboat. We put on all sail and changed our direction, but shortly heard the sound of a cannon. We learnt afterwards that they had fired on the *Royaliste*.

“By nine o'clock we had made land, but the pilot did not know where we were ; however, we cast anchor and I went on shore with the pilot, for I would not let the gentlemen land without knowing where we had arrived.

“The pilot declared on reaching the shore that it was Erquy, the exact spot which they desired to reach.

“We returned to the ship, but with a rising tide and a raging sea we could do nothing. I felt very

anxious, for the ignorance of the pilot and the guide was obvious. The hours passed ; we could only run before the storm, then we anchored again. It was very dark, and we were all in doubt as to our whereabouts. Again I went ashore. This time they assured me we were in the Baie de Josephine.

“After two hours’ battling in the sea, we got back to the *Phœnix*, and I told the gentlemen that the pilot and the guide affirmed that they knew the place.

“Four of them, the Comte de Vasselot, the Marquis de Pange, the Chevalier de Boisbaudran, and the Chevalier de la Rosière, decided to land, and the guide Pierre Michel went with them. The four other passengers remained on the ship, for in that frightful sea the small boat could not carry many persons. M. de Vasselot would not hear of my going with them ; he said if any accident occurred, or that if the wind would not permit of my return, I should not be able to send in my report to the Prince.

“They went off therefore, at 5 a.m., and as soon after I saw some lights on the hill, I feared that the patrol had discovered them. With daylight the coastguard perceived us, and saluted us with a cannon ball. We at once put up our flags, and a second one followed and fell in the water close to us.

“I felt sure now that some evil had befallen our late passengers, and I made them raise the anchor

and go in nearer to shore in the hopes of helping them, but it was no use they were already in the hands of the enemy.

“Our pilot had been hopelessly deceived, or he and the guide were ignorant of the coast. What they took for the Baie de Josephine was in reality the Fort of Erquy and they had landed at the foot of it.

“A third shot fired in our direction ended our uncertainty. There was nothing for it but to depart, and a strong breeze soon carried us out of reach. We next encountered the *Royaliste*, and as soon as they could make way against the storm they signalled to us and asked me to come over. I answered it was impossible; we had lost the ship's boat, and if they wanted me they must send for me. This they would not or could not do, and begged us to keep them in sight, which we did till nightfall, when we lost them.

“We continued to tack, but could neither reach Jersey nor remain out at sea, and Guernsey being the nearest, we at last managed to get into port there. The force of the storm was such we lost our rudder, and stayed in harbour to repair, but were absolutely without news of any kind for four days. At last a schooner in charge of M. le Maçon, which had been sent by the Prince to look for us, put in at Guernsey, and gave me a letter from him in which he begged

me to return to Jersey as soon as possible. So we set off at daybreak next morning.”¹

Such were the dangerous, difficult, and so often useless voyages which the emigrants as well as the sailors had to encounter.

It seems almost impossible, in these days of wireless and telephones, to realize what they went through when no means of communication existed in time of war, and but little in time of peace; and this voice from the past of over a century ago, gives some idea of their perils and hardships.

Another portion of the journal deals with an account of the difficulties encountered on land.

“I left Jersey, April 2nd, 1795, on board the *Enterprise*, Captain Le Rougetel, carrying orders from the Prince de Bouillon for General Boishardi. My mission was to request him to send to the coast a force to protect the landing of 200 officers under the command of the Chevalier de la Vieuxville-Baude, and to receive and take charge of a quantity of arms and ammunition. The voyage to France was made without trouble, but three miles from the coast we encountered three frigates, a lugger, and a schooner. I could not be sure if they were French, but I felt pretty certain from the line they

¹ The officers who landed at Fort Erquy fell into the hands of the patrols. Baron de Boisbaudran had his thigh broken by a shot, and the Marquis de Pange had two fingers blown off.

were taking that they were English, and as we had to go very near them, I was pleased to find they were. During my moment of indecision my guide, named La Rosée, lost his head, and, declaring we should be taken prisoners, almost succeeded in alarming the crew. Fortunately I overheard him, and with many threats rendered him silent.

“My brave sailors stood firm and showed no fear. Nor did they deviate from the line we were sailing, and they assured me they intended to follow me to the end, whether it were success or defeat.

“Presently the schooner signalled to me to come on board, which I did, and I told the captain I was bound for France carrying orders from the Prince de Bouillon. He signalled to the Admiral of the Fleet to let him know what my business was, and then warned me that a French frigate was cruising near the coast. He promised to keep it in sight all night, and then let me depart wishing me good luck. I did not know that part of the country, and I found that the fears of my guide were by no means allayed.

“At eleven at night we landed at an unknown spot where his terrors redoubled, and I had all the trouble in the world to reassure him.

“We hastened inland so as to avoid the patrols, and after a quarter of an hour's walk heard the barking of a dog, and the guide declared he re-

cognized his voice. This confirmed me in my opinion that the man was going off his head.

"We soon reached a church with a steeple, and I persuaded him to leave off listening to the dog, and see if he could not remember it as a landmark. The moon was shining which helped us on our way, but when we got to the churchyard I was dismayed to find that the guide had no idea where he was.

"I thought I must be about twelve leagues from the General's quarters, and determined to reach it within twenty-four hours, with or without a guide.

"It was then one in the morning, and I was only about three-quarters of a league from the coast, so I determined to conceal myself in a thick field of broom as near the church as I could get, in the hopes that when daylight came La Rosée might recover his senses. But the dawn made no difference, he remained hopelessly lost.

"I then perceived a small cottage and went and knocked at the door, and asked the inmates the name of the parish. They answered in bas-Breton, which I did not understand, so I went back to my hiding-place. When the morning light grew stronger the guide momentarily recovered his senses, and declared the church to be that of Plouha.

"This took away all my anxiety; I knew where I was, and we set off once more. I was well armed and, thanks to my sea compass which I had taken

with me, I had no trouble to find my way. We walked till four in the evening, not having eaten or drunk since the day before.

“My guide then showed me a house surrounded by woods. He told me the name of it, and said it was where we should go in the first instance.

“Not trusting to his instinct in the matter, I studied the situation with my compass. We walked on for a quarter of an hour, when he turned to the right. I remonstrated, but feared to let him fall into the state he had been in the previous evening.

“I said no more, either my compass was wrong or he was.

“Shortly after, we met a woman, and I asked her the road to Plourham. It was the name of the parish where the house was situated that La Rosée had pointed out. She said we had turned our backs on it. After that I trusted to my compass and told my guide to follow me.

“We walked on till past eleven, although we were faint with hunger and dying of thirst. We entered a farm where they gave us water, but they could not give us even a bit of bread. So we took up our weary tramp once more, till we reached a place called Pléguen.

“I decided to take another guide from here, and chose one who I thought looked honest, but we had not proceeded many yards when four armed soldiers

of the Republic called upon us to halt, and the new guide promptly fled.

“I stopped, with the intention of defending myself; so did La Rosée, but with quite a different intention. He said it would be wiser to allow ourselves to be taken prisoner, his gun was wet and useless and he was dead-beat.

“I then saw that my one chance of safety lay in flight, and as La Rosée knew nothing about my mission he could not betray me, otherwise I should have felt bound to kill him. I looked back and saw more soldiers arriving, thirty in all, accompanied by dogs.

“‘Stop, or you are a dead man!’ they shouted.

“But they held no further conversation with me. I tore up the letters of which I was the bearer, swallowed the pieces, and jumped over a deep ditch. I preferred death to surrender. They fired a volley, but I was fortunate enough not to be hit. I looked round once more and saw the wretched La Rosée being shot down.

“The country round was open; there were no hiding-places but I had a start and I kept it, and at last managed to reach a wood in which they lost sight of me.

“I still hoped to get shelter till nightfall, and took care to keep to windward, but by this time I was utterly exhausted. I had just strength enough left to force my way through the thick undergrowth

with my carbine, and throw myself down determined to sell my life as dearly as I could.

"The soldiers by good luck did not find my hiding-place, only one of the dogs did, but seeing my gun, thought I was engaged in sport, and sniffed at it and went away.

"I cannot describe what I felt when they were gone. I was saved again. I would not, however, stir from my retreat till the moon rose. I tried to sleep, but in vain. My empty stomach caused me too much suffering.

"As soon as a faint radiance from the heavens lighted my path, I set off once more, guided by my compass. From time to time I drank from some brook, being the only refreshment available to me.

"I now determined to stop at the first cottage I could find and engage the master of the house either by bribery or by violence, to serve me as a guide. It seemed to me the only alternative left.

"It was then one in the morning. I was no better off than I had been at the same hour on the previous night, and I had got no farther in my work.

"I knocked at the door of a poor cottage. Fortunately the owner did not speak *bas-Breton*. He answered me in French.

"I had ordered him to open in the name of the Municipality and it proved successful. I drew the

man outside the house, and I saw by the light of the moon that he was terrified at the sight of my arms. I reassured him and asked him gently, whether I was far from a certain house I mentioned. He told me that I could reach it in ten minutes, and offered to send his children to show me the way, he himself being disabled by a gun-shot wound he had received from the party of soldiers who had fired on me. I thanked him, but proceeded there alone.

“When I reached the house I paused to consider. I did not want to implicate the inhabitants. We had already passed within half a mile of it, and I feared La Rosée to save himself might have betrayed me, and there might be men lying in ambush waiting for me. However, it was absolutely necessary to procure some food, and I knocked at the door.

“I gave my name openly and was allowed to enter.

“They brought me food, of which I only took a small quantity, and told me what was going on. There was a truce between the Royalists and Republicans. Fortunately I had not been aware of this, otherwise I should not have fled, and in all probability would have shared the fate of La Rosée. I learnt also that it was simply terror that had turned the brain of that unhappy man, for he had

been a hunter in those woods for thirty years and knew every inch of them.

"After a rest I started off with a guide for the headquarters of General Boishardi.

"I only found M. de la Roche Leveneur when I got there. He was acting for the General, who had gone to Prévalaye, where they were treating about peace.

"I told him of my mission and he wrote off at once about it. He advised me to take no step while affairs were pending, as it might only endanger the lives of the Royalists who were of the Council.

"So I started back for the coast, where I had to spend two days in hiding among the rocks, although I could see the English vessels in the offing.

"Once more I came to the end of my provisions, and saw the fleet put out to sea and disappear over the horizon.

"Foiled again, I determined to go to Rennes and get my orders direct, and when I reached it I found they were on the eve of signing the peace. I asked the General and the members of the staff to facilitate my immediate departure. This they did, and gave me letters to M. de Puisaye and another to Mr. Windham, besides many verbal instructions. I then joined M. de Tenténiaç, who told me he had been three weeks trying to leave France, and together

we returned to Jersey, where I at once went to the Prince de Bouillon to report on my voyage. He received me most graciously, and told me I should arrange further matters with M. de Tenténiaç. ‘He has full powers to act for M. de Puisaye,’ he said. ‘He will be with me this evening. Come and join him ; you can start together.’

“But when the evening came, I found to my surprise and annoyance that M. de Tenténiaç had started without me, and I could not help showing my astonishment to the Prince, but did not try to seek further into the reasons which had led to this step being taken, evidently with the Prince de Bouillon’s full knowledge and concurrence.”

CHAPTER VIII

MARRIAGE OF ARMAND

THESE pages from Armand de Chateaubriand's journal give a graphic account, not only of the hardships he encountered in the arduous work of landing emigrants and carrying the letters, but also give an insight into the intrigues going on among the members of the Correspondance, which added greatly to the almost overwhelming difficulties of the work.

Armand was deeply annoyed to find that he had been practically superseded by Tenténiaç. He was not aware at that time of the Comte de Puisaye's conduct at Quiberon. What led up to that disaster was owing to this man's ambitious schemes. After the treaty of peace had been signed between the Royalists and Republicans in February 1795, de Puisaye went over to London, and laid his great project for a general rising in Brittany before the Ministers. Pitt sent it to Windham, the Minister for War, who was a great upholder of the Monarchy. The plan was accepted. Arms, ammunition, and ships

were placed at the disposal of de Puisaye on condition that he would not mention it to his Agents, or to the Duc d'Harcourt the French Ambassador to the Regent in London.

The emigrants however who had so often asked in vain for help from the English Government, became jealous of de Puisaye, and declared he had sold himself to Pitt.

Maybe it was the truth ; the melancholy drama at Quiberon seemed to point to it, also that England, in supporting de Puisaye, made use of the expedition to retain a French port for their own purpose.

De Puisaye was indifferent to the cries of the emigrants. He sent Tenténiaac and de la Roberie to Brittany to announce the coming expedition, and to gather together a force of Chouans under Generals de Charette, Stofflet, and Sapinaud. Once more some traitor betrayed them, and they retreated with great loss to their fastnesses on the solitary moors.

They made the Mont Dol into their citadel, where they were surrounded by the marshes and cut off from the outer world. It was a land of redoubtable bogs and moving quicksands, and sheets of water of unknown depths. No one could dislodge them out of such a country. On the side of Château Neuf there was a huge marsh of stagnant water of unknown depths, which extended for miles and was full of prehistoric deposit of pulverized cinders and

vegetation of primeval forests. This strange and dangerous spot exists to this day and is called "Le Bourhan." The soil is volcanic, and if holes are bored and fire inserted, the flames flow like lava, and smoke will proceed from the earth for days to the astonishment of any stranger who may find himself in those parts. The ground trembles and shakes, as it does in the moving sands around Mont St. Michel, not so many miles distant.

The Comte de Puisaye now decided to effect a landing in another part of Brittany. This was where the battle of Quiberon took place, when, although nominally supported by the English fleet, they were hopelessly defeated with fearful loss.

While the bloody battle was going on, de Puisaye was eating an excellent breakfast in comfort on the *Pomona*. Next morning, July 22nd, he had the audacity to write to Windham, the English Minister of War, asking him to aid in yet another effort, and to send out a squadron of officers not only a few single ones. But when such of the emigrants who had managed to escape and reach the flotilla came on board the *Pomona*, their hostile attitude, and the severity of their faces, showed de Puisaye that his conduct was being very severely judged, so much so, that he could not face them any longer, but, feigning to be sea-sick, he retired to his cabin, where he remained for three days.

The sorry game played by England was now apparent to all eyes. Their pretended support of the emigrants was only a move on the part of perfidious Albion, who rather preferred to prolong the existence of the Revolution as it served their purpose best. They were willing enough that the French should massacre each other, whilst their fleet might find occasion to secure an advantageous port.

Puisaye however, was not discouraged, and continued to bombard Windham with letters. He assured him he yet had considerable forces to dispose of and dwelt on his pretended relations with Charette, Stofflet, and other chiefs of the Royalist army; at the same time displaying great bitterness in his remarks on his unfortunate companions-in-arms, and finished one letter with the words: "If you will still continue to be my friend, it will alleviate my sufferings, for I am worthy to be your friend."¹

The Comte d'Artois, however, having heard of de Puisaye's conduct demanded his resignation, upon which the Count much offended retired to London, and began caballing with the Orleans family.

In the House there were some very moving debates. On the 29th of October the great Irish orator, Sheridan, said that the expedition to Quiberon brought shame on humanity. It was not, indeed,

¹ *Les Emigrés à Quiberon*, by Charles Robert, edited by Lamulle et Poisson.

British blood that flowed, but British honour that had bled at every pore.

George Fox, the friend of France, and irreducible enemy of Pitt, was not less explicit. He announced also that though the expedition did not entail the loss of English blood, yet the honour of the nation was at stake, and the name of England tarnished in the eyes of Europe. He declared that the House saw with the deepest regret that the French emigrants had become victims through their confidence in British honour, and that the various events of the war had been stained by treachery.¹

The Comte de Puisaye under the hail of abuse that followed, thought it wiser to go over to Canada till the storm had blown over and he had been forgotten, and he was accompanied in his flight by many of his adherents. Failing, however, in his attempts at colonization, he returned to England, and, with the help of his acolyte Prigent, and thanks to his own subtlety and address, he continued to act as Chief of the Correspondance although deposed from his post of General. He still managed to hold the thread of the underhand diplomacy he indulged in, whereby many emigrants believed they would yet see the Bourbons back in France. In Jersey too they shared the same opinion.

Without home or family or means of subsistence, there seemed little left in the world to

¹ *Times* newspaper of October 1795.

Armand. He bitterly resented the conduct of de Puisaye towards himself, and wrote some rather intemperate letters to him before his departure for America. He expressed his astonishment that de Puisaye should give his entire confidence to such a man as Prigent, who behaved as if he were already Governor of Brittany, and who was trying to discredit him (Armand) in the eyes of the public.

An angry correspondence ensued; and these letters de Puisaye kept, and with his other documents he left them to the authorities in England, little thinking that they would one day bear witness against himself and expose his nefarious schemes. The disloyalty of the master also reflected upon his Lieutenant, Noël Prigent.¹

This treatment of Armand de Chateaubriand evoked the greatest indignation in the "Island of Friends" as Jersey was called, and it opened the eyes of his adherents to the perfidious conduct of Prigent, for all through the letters his advice and suggestions could be traced. At least Armand was surrounded by affection and sympathy when he returned, and found Jenny ready to welcome him.

After all, why should he resist the dictates of his heart. He had little to offer her, that was true. His past was dead, but so was hers; they were deprived equally of their rank and station in life. Neither had

¹ *Papiers du Comte de Puisaye*, British Museum, vol. xxv. Folio 25.

anything to regret or give up in linking their lives together. The emigrants who had watched the idyll enacted at d'Anneville thought that Armand would never marry Jenny. With the easy morals of that day they said, "Make her your mistress."

But such a dishonouring thought had never once entered the heart of Armand. He made a formal demand for the hand of Jenny, and with the full consent of her family they were married on the 14th of September 1795. From this date there began for Armand and Jenny an existence filled by the most diverse experiences, but their home was sanctified by love. When he returned from his dangerous voyages, in which he daily risked his life, not once but twenty times, it was to find a welcome in their modest home, with his dear wife awaiting him with cheerful countenance and hopeful words, although poor Jenny had been alone in heart-rending anxiety. And in June 1796 their happiness was increased by the birth of their first child, to whom was given the name of Jeanne, though she like her mother was called by the familiar name of Jenny.

About the same time his sisters Emilie and Modeste were released from the Prison de la Victoire, and had gone to live with Mlle Lhôtelier in her poor little abode, No. 967 Rue du Petit-Placitre, at St. Malo.

They were thus once more in touch with their

brother, and home ties made him sometimes oblivious of his arduous work and the sorrows of his country. The great problem, however, for the little family was to find the means of subsistence.

The property and the Château du Val had been sequestered, and according to the law passed on April 8th, 1791, which refused to grant equal division among the owners, it was declared the sole property of Armand and Adelaide, and as both of them were emigrants their portions were assigned to the State, although the manor-house had been left to the three unmarried girls.

By a fresh Act they were now enabled to buy it back from the Republic; but as it had been utterly neglected and in part destroyed it really was a very bad speculation. Moreover, the price adjudged by the Government was high.

However, they consulted their brother, whom they considered part-owner, and decided to pay the sum demanded, 34,701 francs, and then find a purchaser, although the idea of doing so almost broke their hearts.

When it became known that the Manor of Du Val was in the market, a lawyer named Michel Morvonnais came forward, and agreed to buy the property for 49,700 francs, and paid half the amount at once. He was known to the family, and had done legal work for them in former years.

Armand signed the deed as well as his sisters.

It was for this that he humbled himself more or less to the Comte de Puisaye to procure a passport, which enabled him to land at St. Malo, and he continued to make use of it when necessary.

This concession, and the purchase of the family property from the State, point to the fact that, for the time at least the rules of the Republic were less severe than those of the Revolutionary party.

On the 11th of November 1799 a son was born to Armand and Jenny, which crowned their happiness. This child was a great joy to the parents. He was named Frédéric, but was more often called by various pet-names, such as "Fédo" and "Paza." When absent from home, Armand's letters to his wife testify to his love for his dear little son—not that they cared for him more tenderly than for their little girl.

On one of his trips to St. Malo on matters of business, he brought over his little Jenny with him to introduce her to her aunts. The joy of the poor ladies was great indeed at seeing their little niece. They implored their brother to leave her with them. Who, they declared, could better bring up the dear child than they could? Soon she would be old enough to learn her Catechism and her religious duties, which had ever been the base of the education of every child in their family. Surely now the churches

would soon open their doors. Such was their pleading.

It was true that education at St. Malo was excellent; there were many schools of note—that of the “Bonnes Demoiselles” being one of the best, as the sisters pointed out.

Armand admitted that their views were very sensible and allowed himself to be persuaded, and he finally returned alone to Jersey, leaving the little Jenny behind.

CHAPTER IX

EXILE IN LONDON

ARMAND was once more engaged in the arduous work of the Correspondance, but he never received a penny and was again forced to apply for pecuniary assistance. He still continued to write his grievances to the Comte de Puisaye, but with little hope of redress. All that he had received was the meagre allowance granted to emigrants. When the whole amount due on the purchase of the manor-house had been paid, Armand determined to take a small portion of the patrimony which justly belonged to himself, and with the money he purchased a schooner; and having found a trustworthy captain to take charge of the vessel, he fitted her out for carrying merchandise and began trading. In this way he managed to make some money, sufficient to buy a little land around his cottage at Jersey, so as to render his small estate self-supporting. He was also enabled to cross and recross the Channel when engaged on his work of correspondence, free of expense.

Thus a small ray of sunshine lit up the humble home, but it was of short duration.

The political state of France was now quite altered. Bonaparte's star was in the ascendant, and he had taken full command of the Republic.

In the year 1800, having gained a victory over Austria, he turned his arms against England and her two allies, Portugal and Russia.

In the month of December this war had been made remarkable by a Neutral League. The English were defeated at Algeciras, but the war was terminated by a treaty of peace signed at Amiens March 25th, 1802.

By this treaty England gave back to France and her allies all their colonies save Ceylon and la Trinité. Egypt was given back to the Porte, and Malta was restored to the Knights of St. John. France agreed to evacuate Portugal and the Kingdom of Naples. England moreover accepted the liberty of the sea for all nations, and admitted the right of conquests of France and the Republic she had founded. France had the best of it, but the people of England received the terms of the peace with cries of "Vive Bonaparte!"

At this period, however, numbers of French people of all classes continued to reside in foreign countries, and aspired more than ever for the return of the Monarchy.

Bonaparte perceived the risk of this. An ever-open sore and a burning agitation and resentment would endanger his own course, so he resolved to modulate the constitution of his Consulate which had decreed perpetual exile for the emigrants.

Their money having become national property, rendered it an extremely difficult and delicate matter.

Very cleverly did that astute genius set to work to overcome this obstacle, and he prepared a legislative measure by which the authorities, while still keeping hold of the wealth the State had acquired, granted to the emigrants permission to return *en masse* into France, and their properties which were yet unsold would be restored to them. They would merely be required to be under the supervision of the Chief of Police.

This advice came from Fouché, but this amnesty was not extended to those who had assembled troops, who had held rank in foreign armies, who had retained their posts in the Royal house of Bourbon, to Generals who had made a covenant with the people, and to priests who had refused the resignations demanded by the Pope.

This gave a wide scope to refuse admittance to the more dangerous members of the emigrants. This project was put before the Senate on the eve of the publication of the Concordat, and was voted for and passed six days after. The situation of those who

were not included in the amnesty was rendered more cruel than before, and their minds were more full than ever of bitterness. Also, on the advice of Fouché, Bonaparte had demanded of the English Government that they should keep under supervision any such members of them who were in England.

Armand de Chateaubriand, whose zeal in the service of the Princes was well known, was included by Fouché in the list of the proscribed.

Life now became most difficult for him, even his home as an outlaw in Jersey was forbidden him, and return to France was impossible.

He took no steps himself, and resisted as long as he could the orders of General Gordon the Governor of Jersey to leave the island. He managed to remain on till September. No one expected the treaty of peace to last, and he intended to wait the rupture that was sure to take place, but in the end he had to submit.

With a heart stunned with sorrow he kissed his beloved Jenny and his little Fédo, and bidding them a tender farewell took the boat to London. With him were two companions, Bertin and Richard, like himself ordered into exile.

When they reached London they found that the popular enthusiasm had already undergone a change. Bonaparte had taken care in his famous Treaty of Amiens not to modify the clauses in that of 1796

which prohibited the importation of goods from Great Britain into the French markets, and 300 English vessels were waiting in the various ports of France unable to discharge their freights. This produced profound indignation in commercial circles in England.

At the request of Mr. Addington the Prime Minister, Bonaparte consented to negotiate a new treaty of commerce. But it was only a palliative.

Moreover by the negligence of Talleyrand, the clauses of the Treaty of Malta were not put into force by the French. Pitt profited by this, and while always caballing against this Minister, held out false terms of friendship to him.

Every day the press became more and more aggressive in tone against the government of Bonaparte, in which they were aided and abetted in London by the emigrants.

These latter issued pamphlets written in terms of violence and biting indignation, and full of villainous remarks on Bonaparte and his family.

Georges Cadoudal was in London, and also the Bishops of Arras and of Saint-Pol-de-Léon, and these both took active part in this movement. This kernel of malcontents, embittered by misfortune and the new laws of proscription, continued to send emissaries to La Vendée and to Brittany, and the Correspondance de France went on as before.

Bonaparte, on the strength of the Aliens Bill,

claimed a cessation from these attacks, and demanded the expulsion from England of Cadoudal and the Bishop.

Addington hesitated to reply to this request, being balanced by his desire to maintain peace with France and his fear of increasing the popular irritation.

When Armand de Chateaubriand arrived in London he did not join the army of agitators and turbulent pamphleteers; his sober and restrained remarks in his letters to his wife, which have been preserved in the archives of the family, vouch for this. He took a small room, little better than a garret, in a house in the district of Soho. For this he paid half a guinea a week, which included the attendance given by an old servant of the house.

A few paces down the street was a little foreign eating-house, where he took his meals in company with some of his colleagues in exile.

As soon as he had settled himself in these poor quarters, he in company of Bertin and Richard, wrote a joint letter to the Prince de Bouillon, telling him of the state in which they found themselves.

The Prince replied in a tone of much affection, admiring their devotion, which had so far only borne such bitter fruits, but help he either could not or would not give.

From that time on they lived the dreary life, made up of privations, the fate of exiles with hopes for ever shattered, and perpetual visits to important personages or members of the Ministry bearing little or no result.

Armand had found a new friend with whom he could share his troubles and talk over his sufferings. This was a man named Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, who, like himself, was separated from his family and ruined by the Revolution. He was fifty years of age, and was a native of St. Servan. He too had served in the Army of the Princes and then with the Correspondance in the work of conveying the emigrants. Together they used to take long walks in the parks, talking of the dear absent ones in their respective homes. They discussed the political situation and the coming war, which they firmly believed would end all their woes.

As soon as he returned of an evening to his garret, Armand used to sit down to his daily letter to his wife. He related all the events of the day in the form of a diary, which has been preserved, and which gives an accurate picture of his London life.

It is a curious journal, and should be reproduced in full, telling as it does of the life of a Chouan in exile, and at the same time giving a touching analysis of a heart profoundly loving and free from

the bitterness which endless troubles so often evokes. But it was a struggle against fearful odds, which never seemed to cease.

Some extracts will be given here in his own words :—

*“October 2nd, 1802.—*I pass three-quarters of my time in my own room alone. My sole occupation consists in reading the few books that have been lent to me, but I get dreadful headaches when I stay too long absorbed in them. To-day is the second time I have been out since my arrival. I go out to eat my meals, not twenty yards to go, and the same to return. But it is quite a long way to one who has not stirred out for a fortnight.”

*“October 5th.—*Richard kept me company a great part of the morning, and brought me a book with which to distract my thoughts, but before I even open it I want to talk to you, for though my body is in London, in spirit I am with you. Does my little Frédéric talk of his father? if not, kiss him many times a day for me and thus recall me to his memory. Try and sleep at night if you can, but I cannot. I dread the nights, and feel sure that this coming one will resemble all those that went before.”

In company with Richard and Bertin, Armand sent in a petition to the Ministry begging that they might be allowed to return to Jersey, and he wrote

to his wife to tell her what they had done, but he was not very hopeful as to the result, as his letter shows :—

“*October 6th.*—I much fear that the answer to us all three will be unfavourable, and that we must give up all hope at present of getting back to Jersey, and yet I cannot bring myself to endure the thought that this must be so. It seems to me that if I have to live here I shall die of despair, all the more if they carry out their present intentions, and give us so little money, that it will be impossible for you and Frédéric to join me.

“You have no idea how expensive living is here, and rents are especially high. If we were living all together in London, we could not get the shabbiest apartment under forty or fifty louis a year. So you can calculate what it would all come to. The result makes me tremble.

“The very small room I occupy at present costs me half a guinea a week, so the ten guineas the Government have granted us hitherto will not go far. . . . I hope they may increase the sum. They will if they act on the advice of Lord Pelham. The Government, so he declares, wishes us to be content. If to-morrow does not bring me a letter from you I shall go mad—I shall not have far to go to do that! My head and my aching teeth don't give me an instant of rest. But if I were with

you, suffering as I am, you would console me, and I would forget my troubles playing with my little Frédéric.

“Now I am always alone in this dreary room, seeing hardly any one, save at times my two companions. They come because they must, but not even every day. Richard is the more faithful, and the one to whom I owe most thanks—Gouyon-Vaucouleurs—comes to see me more often now he knows the poor state of my health, and he lends me books, and reads aloud to me. Without him I should die of ennui. I am always thinking of you and the child. To-day month Frédéric will be three years old; I just long to see him and you.”

On the 9th of October he writes to his wife that the Prince de Bouillon had returned to London, and had expressed a desire to see him and Richard and Bertin. He said that war was in the air, every one spoke of it, and that he had dreamt of it all night.

On the 21st October he wrote as follows:—

“You doubtless know that Fouché has been dismissed from the post of Minister of the Interior at Paris. That scoundrel was the cause of my being expelled from Jersey, so possibly his disgrace may modify our painful situation. From what we can learn, the Ministers expect war shortly, but this is a secret which I only confide to you. If I do succeed

in returning to Jersey, I will take a farm on a six years' lease, and a war would enrich us rather than the reverse, as our profits would be increased.

"I have again written to Lord Pelham asking leave to return. If I fail to succeed with him I shall write to Sir Sidney Smith ; but do not speak of it, as the Prince must not know what I hope to do."

He also advised his wife to sell the schooner ; doubtless she was in absolute want of money.

All the news of the day was also faithfully transmitted to Mme de Chateaubriand. He told her of the expected arrival of General Androsi in the place of General Otto ; of his hopes that England would not give way to Bonaparte, and acquiesce in the demand of the French Government to exile Royalists from the islands as well as from France. She must have taken an intelligent interest in what was going on, and of course had no newspapers or means of learning the events of the day.

"Malta has not been ceded by Bonaparte. The French have entered Switzerland. It is believed that when the Ambassador for France arrives here, he will demand the execution of the Treaty of Amiens, which the French are the first to avoid carrying out. Dissension is rife, but no one doubts the coming of war ; nine frigates have left with secret dispatches for Gibraltar and India."

The fogs of London seem to have been as bad

then as now, and foreigners have always found them very trying.

“Imagine,” he writes, November 1st, “that at nine in the morning I cannot read without a light ; they are affecting my chest very much. At this season, the wealthy folk, with the exception of the merchants, go and live in their country houses so as to escape them. Bertin finds it as hard as I do to accustom himself to the bad air of this country. I have had a cold ever since my recovery from my late illness, and you know I am not given that way. . . . I am truly vexed at having to spend the winter here.”

Bertin was getting as impatient as Armand ; he had written twice to the Prince without success, nor would Prigent answer his letters. The burning question of the day which occupied all minds, and was of far more importance than the sorrows of the poor exiles, was who would declare war first. The general opinion was that Bonaparte would do so. Armand awaited this move with the utmost impatience.

In the shuffling of the cards he hoped to get his liberty. At the same time he was cruelly tormented by want of money, debts were accumulating, and he was without resources. With the longing of a sick man, his heart was set on going home.

“If I could but make the shore of Jersey once more, I would anchor myself there with a strong

cable and remain in good earnest. I would look out well before leaving it again. My poor little children, if they only knew how their welfare occupies my waking thoughts! But they are too young to understand the sorrows of their parents. I never go to bed without thinking of them and you."

These letters must have wrung poor Jenny's heart; perhaps those on public affairs were preferable. At least it proved that for the moment her husband's mind was occupied with matters of general interest. But it was difficult for a man situated as he was, in the midst of such overwhelming difficulties, to study the news of the day. Besides, there were always pin-pricks if not worse assailing him.

On the 5th of November he wrote to France to ask for the birth certificates of his children, as it was necessary in case of war to have them inscribed on the State registers at St. Malo.

"M. de Brecy, the Mayor," he wrote, "will surely not refuse this request. There is no reason that my children should be declared illegitimate because I am an outlaw."

The feeling in England was strong against the French, and when the new Ambassador, General Androsi arrived in London they had to post extra police all along the line to prevent his being insulted by the populace. He had eight horses to his carriage, and this the people did not like, as the King of

England did not travel in such state. The betting was he would not stay longer than a month.

At last, to the great relief of Armand de Chateaubriand, the Prince de Bouillon arrived, and he at once went to seek an audience. Bertin had already managed to see him. The Prince was annoyed that Chateaubriand had written to General Gordon the Governor of Jersey to try and get him to rescind the order for his expulsion from the island; it was natural he should wish to get home to his family, but when he went with his friend Gouyon, he was able to write to his wife that they had been very well received by the Prince.

“He talked to us a great deal about his journey to Paris, and asked us if we were enjoying ourselves in London. We replied that London was a very fine city but we had no desire to remain here, as life was most expensive and it was only agreeable to those who had plenty of money, and we begged him most earnestly to allow us to return to our homes as soon as possible. He promised to do so, and assured us that our stay in England would not now be much prolonged. I walked in the King’s Park afterwards with Gouyon, and we discussed the situation, which is deplorable enough.” Evidently the Prince’s facile promises had not given them much hope. It vexed Armand to know that some of the other correspondents in Jersey thought him rather fortunate to be in

England, and he wished that those who envied him might be in his place. One thing that astonished him was the attitude of Bertin. Since this latter had seen the Prince he had become quite cheerful. He had been captious and moody and shunned all his friends; now he sought them out. There did not seem enough reason for this change, and Armand felt that Bertin was a man difficult to understand. He writes on this subject to his wife:—

“*October 11th.*—We were dining, Gouyon and I, at our usual tavern, when a Chevalier de St. Louis who was there offered us to join him in a bottle of wine. This we agreed to do, and while we were sitting together Bertin came in and took a seat at our table. The conversation turned on the Revolution, and more than once Bertin expressed himself as only an extreme Republican would do. He blamed the conduct of the Princes and the Royalist army, and said, speaking of the late King, that the death of the tyrant was a good thing. The surprise of the Chevalier de St. Louis was great. But he expressed himself in praise of Bertin, perhaps for his courage in giving his opinions.

“Later on, Bertin was told that he had the reputation of being a Republican, and complained of this to Gouyon, who replied that he had gained that reputation by his very intemperate remarks before the Chevalier de St. Louis.”

“London, No. 9 Roland Street, Soho Square, November 14th. — Yesterday evening I left my lodgings. My new landlord is an old man, with an old wife—decent, respectable people, I am told. They seem very attentive to their lodgers. There is a priest living in the house; he has been there nine years. That speaks well for him and for the owners. The old couple do not speak a word of French. So much the better; that will oblige me to talk English, or at least learn the words that are absolutely necessary. My rooms are on the second floor—a small bedroom and a nice little parlour in which I can receive any friends who do me the kindness of coming to see me. It only costs me six shillings a week, and in that horrid attic I paid ten shillings. It is true that in the other house there was an old servant who did my little commissions, and here I am obliged to wait on myself. All that my landlady consents to do, is to light my fire every morning.

“What troubles me most is the uncertainty of my stay in London. If I knew that I had to live here much longer, which Heaven forbid, I would leave the town and go and live in the country, where I could be lodged, fed, washed for, and firing for a much less cost. Here it is a perpetual question of expense. Only fancy, all the streets here are full of shops, one finer than another. Everything breathes of opulence, which makes us feel our cruel position more than ever.”

“*November 15th.*—One of my friends was dining yesterday with ten or twelve rich City merchants. They were betting that the French Ambassador would not stay two months in England. They all desire war, and would give a quarter of their fortunes if it could only be declared to-morrow.

“Do not neglect to withdraw the little we have left in St. Malo. Leave nothing there. If in a week our fate is not settled we shall commit some folly. I see that with the English Ministers it does not signify if one is very importunate or not.

“Bertin now keeps quite away. He hardly leaves the Prince ; although it is a tussle between him and Prigent, who has no intention of giving him up his own place. As Gouyon and I are not courtiers, we stay away.

“Again this morning, Bertin assured me, the Prince declares we are to leave very shortly. I quite expect he, Bertin, will try and stay behind. It is quite clear that we incommode him, especially since he spoke so openly against the Royalists in our presence. He fears we may ask him to explain himself.”

Chateaubriand and Gouyon never failed to go and see the Prince whenever they were sent for ; and as he was laid up with a bad cold they spent an evening with him which seemed to please him, as he was heartily tired of being confined to the house. Although he was very hoarse and coughed a great

deal, he was very lively and talkative, and declared once more that they would soon be leaving ; but the fact was he knew nothing about it, and his utterances carried little conviction with any of the exiles, who felt there was nothing for it but to wait events with what patience they could muster.

Armand continued to fill his daily letters to his wife with the current news. Perhaps it was not always very accurate, his knowledge of English being so scanty.

“9 *Roland Street, November 18th.*—We went this morning to see the French Ambassador arrive at St. James’s to visit the King. It was a fine sight. There were a large number of carriages, one finer than the other. He arrived the last, in a green and yellow coach ; his liveries were green braided with gold, and a tricolour cockade. The crowds, who had come out of curiosity did not show much interest, and certainly had no desire to unhorse the carriage and draw it themselves !

“The papers to-day announce that the fleet has left Toulon. It remains to be seen what the English will say when they meet it.

“Yesterday the Prince again promised Bertin to occupy himself seriously in the matter of our return. There is nothing that those two are more afraid of than that Gouyon and I should get back to France. We see clearly that the Prince is much influenced

by Bertin. Gouyon openly said he would rather risk the guillotine than remain much longer where we were. This speech seemed to make some impression on the Prince, so perhaps after all he will hurry our departure."

On the 19th of November London was thrown into a state of excitement by a conspiracy against the person of King George. Some of his own guards were suspected of being in the plot. It was supposed to be a propaganda got up by the French. It was fixed for the day of the opening of Parliament, when it was fortunately discovered. The intention was to assassinate the King on his way to Westminster. Meanwhile two thousand men had been told off to make an attack on Windsor and to murder the Queen and the other royal ladies. Ten thousand men were to seize the Tower of London and take possession of all the arms and ammunition, and after that the Bank of England was to be pillaged.

Had this plot succeeded, England would have been lost, and all were of opinion that it was the work of the French. This event would give Mr. Windham a fine chance as he was about to make a speech in favour of a war. In commercial circles great indignation was felt. Mr. Fox and the Countess of Oxford, who were both at the time in Paris, were said to be the chief promoters. General Androsi it was stated would have put himself at the head of the rebels, and

among his French retinue there were many officers.

A sergeant of the King's guard lately returned from leave discovered the plot, and thirty persons were arrested, among them a Colonel Despard.

Another general opinion was that the fleet from Toulon was intended to disembark troops and make a descent on England. In fact, the rumours were without end, and possibly many without truth, but Armand wrote them all to his wife; evidently no one thought or spoke about anything else. What they all felt was that the French Government wished to revolutionize all the States of Europe, and nothing was left for these latter but to join with England in declaring war that could only terminate with the destruction of the Republic. Meanwhile an order was given forbidding any one to leave the country without a passport, thus throwing further difficulties in the way of the unfortunate exiles.

"I was very sad," wrote Chateaubriand to his wife on the 21st of November, "that Bertin got letters while I received none. Have you forgotten me? I did so beg of you never to miss a mail, for your letters are my only solace. I think your excuse will be that you were away at St. Malo seeing about our affairs.

"No news this morning. Gouyon has been in to warm himself at my fire. He told me laughingly that it was evidently the intention to keep us here for

always, and we should only meet our families in the Valley of Jehoshaphat ; but he is not clever enough to deceive me, and I still firmly believe our exile will not continue much longer.

“ You always tell me to return speedily ; do you think if I were my own master I would stay a moment longer in this country that I detest ? I am surrounded by people I don’t know and don’t want to know. My ardent desire is to be with you once more. I wish you would write in every letter that you are ill, then I would go to Lord Pelham, and implore him to go back.

“ The King opened Parliament on Monday, and went there in state. He was very well received, and the crowds that lined the streets rent the air with their hurrahs. All the debates are in favour of war. Mr. Fox has returned, and is eager in his demands for it. Windham says only war can save England from revolution. So you see, my dear, the treaty of peace was a chimera.

“ Last evening we spent with the Prince ; he received us well and was very gay. He again asked us if we sincerely wished to return to Jersey, and once more we solemnly assured him we did. So that I may yet spend my Christmas with you ! Our one chance is war being declared. The people were against it, as they feared the increase of the price of bread. Now they would rather

have it, even if they pay more. Commerce is dead anyway.

“How delighted I shall be to see Jenny’s handwriting again! Dear child, she does not forget her parents! I shall almost die of joy when I see you and Frédéric and Jenny once more.”

Christmas came, and London was given over to pleasure and rejoicing, but the popular gaiety only depressed still further the heart of the unfortunate Armand de Chateaubriand. To him England was absolutely detestable, and he longed to flee from it. But where? If France was closed to him he would go to that other France called Canada.

On the 4th of January 1803 he wrote a touching letter to his wife, and laid this scheme before her. His list of arguments in favour of it were sound.

“1. Impossible, with our present lack of money, to save anything for our children after our death.

“2. Little hopes of any improvement in that line, for frankly, the Prince does not like me.

“3. I have determined never to serve again under his orders.

“4. I feel my chief duty as a husband and father is to provide for those dependent on me.”

But Mme de Chateaubriand was dead against this plan. She could not bear going so far away from her home and country. Strange reason when one realizes what that country had become, but it had less

terrors doubtless to her gentle heart than the unknown.

Armand listened to her plea against his better reason, and accepted her verdict.

At first it seemed as if the sacrifice he was making was going to be rewarded, for he suddenly received the authorization to return to Jersey. What happiness! In a moment he forgot all his sorrows, his privations, and his disappointments.

Early in January he embarked on the *Charlotte*, an old schooner laden to the scuttles. Forty passengers arrived at the last moment, to add to the already overcharged condition of the vessel. The wind was against them, and for eight days they had to remain on deck night and day, enduring all the rigours of an icy wind. At the end of that time the *Charlotte* reached Guernsey. When the wind became more favourable they put off again to sea, and the following morning Armand was in the arms of his faithful Jenny, and devouring with kisses his little Fédo.

Home at last, he devoted some days to the joys of family life, but not for long. Nothing ever made him forget the sorrows of his native country, and his thoughts soon turned to his affairs and interests in Brittany.

Dreading to go himself to St. Malo, he sent his wife who was able to lodge in a quiet house near the

Chapel of Saint-Aaron. She could stay there unknown and unmolested, and as her little Jenny was living at St. Malo, it was an intense pleasure to the mother to see her child again.

The parents had discussed with deep anxiety the question whether to bring her home or leave her there. As long as peace lasted she was best where she was, but if war broke out, it might endanger her safety as well as that of her aunts. Indeed the child might be held as a hostage for her father. It was a cruel situation. Once more Armand appealed to his wife, and wrote her the following letter to St. Malo :—

“I have been pressed to give a definite answer about the subject I once wrote to you. While we were together those few short days I had not time to confer with you, particularly as I knew the idea was repugnant to you. I would never have thought of this scheme had I known it was so distasteful to you, although the advantages that were offered to me were by no means inconsiderable, and the Government might have helped me yet further. But I want my final answer to be as you desire, for you know my intense affection for you.

“The war about to break out will prevent my living peaceably with you and the dear children, but if I must risk my life once more, I should like to feel that you at least would have the means to live in

comfort. Do take in the subject in all its bearings. If war is declared Jenny cannot stay in France. Think it well over, and you will understand my reasons for going to a new country.

“To live in peace with you and the children would be for me the utmost happiness, but if I cannot compass that, I will give in willingly to your wishes.—For all time your husband and friend,

“CHATEAUBRIAND.”

Alas! for their hopes and plans. We are not told whether Mme de Chateaubriand again refused to leave her country, or whether the proposed emigration was no longer feasible.

England absolutely refused to give up the Bourbon Princes. She did not evacuate Egypt, or give up Malta to the Knights. “Malta or nothing!” was Bonaparte’s cry.

Then it was that he sent out his army to line the northern coast, with Boulogne as the base of his operations. On the 12th of May 1803 the Peace of Amiens was broken.

When this news reached Jersey Chateaubriand had been again taken into favour by the Prince de Bouillon, who had been in France trying to recover his lost principality in Auvergne, but had been imprisoned by the agents of Bonaparte. Fouché vainly tried to make him give up the secrets of the emigrants

and the Correspondance des Princes, but, finding it useless released him, and he returned to Jersey, where he set to work to cabal against Bonaparte.

But it was in London that the real work was going on. Cadoudal, Pichegru, and others were once more plotting against Bonaparte, favoured by the English police.

The after-consequences were disastrous, as is well known. In 1803 Cadoudal went over secretly to Paris, and it was arranged that the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry should follow him, but he was arrested as well as Moreau and Pichegru.

The former was condemned to two years' imprisonment, but managed to get his sentence changed into exile to the United States. Pichegru was found strangled in his prison, and Cadoudal and eleven conspirators were executed the following year ; and the only response to the plot was the proclamation of the Empire in May 1804.

CHAPTER X

CONTINUATION OF THE DISASTERS

IN 1807 Louis XVIII., after having wandered from one court to another left the Palace of Holyrood to accept the hospitality of the Marquis of Buckingham, who placed Gosfield Hall at his disposal. England was ever the refuge and home of the emigrants. These gathered round their fallen monarch, and foremost among them was the clever and unscrupulous Comte de Puisaye, who however was the most hated and suspected in the Royalist party. How could it be otherwise, when he renounced his own country and became a naturalized Englishman? Under the special protection of Mr. Canning he was granted a sum of money and resided in a pretty cottage at Feltham Hill, in Middlesex.

This cottage, which was to him a regular tower of safety, only opened its doors to his own familiars, who formed a little circle around him. Among them were M. Hermely, former Chief des Correspondance des Princes, and General d'Allègre, who, after having served in Brittany with the Royalist army, accom-

panied de Puisaye to Canada and remained for many years his faithful satellite.

Louis d'Allègre son of the General, was one of the select party, and the Abbé Péricaud of the diocese of Séez, where he had formerly known de Puisaye.

Nor were ladies wanting, for his cousin, Mme de Pierreville, with her husband and daughter joined the select circle. Mme de Pierreville acted as de Puisaye's spy. She would glide among the salons, encouraging both men and women to talk, and retailed the confidences thus acquired to her cousin—confidences that the incorrigible carelessness of the emigrants made attainable.¹

But the chief ornament of this little court of the ex-General were without doubt the family of Prigent. The son of the fruiterer of St. Malo had made great way.

In that strange legion called La Correspondance, nearly all the members of it, save Chateaubriand, indulged in high grades and fine uniforms. Prigent was a colonel. On his traitor's breast he wore the cross of a Chevalier of St. Louis. He frequented the society of peers and ministers. He was intimate with the Prince de Condé. The King's brother consulted with him on the best means for the salvation of the royal house of France.

¹ Papers of Comte de Puisaye and of the Abbé Péricaud, vols. clii. and lxxvii., MSS. British Museum.

Prigent did not lack cleverness and intelligence, but he was also very depraved, which was indeed the characteristic of the society in which he moved. His elegant cottage had however, an air of bucolic repose, which gave no indication of the kind of man who inhabited it. Pigeons circled round the roof and fed from the hand of his daughter Cécilia ; the whole atmosphere was redolent of peace and purity, although it was the centre of soured and discontented emigrants, plotting and caballing and brewing mischief. "A regular rabbit-hutch," as Chateaubriand called it contemptuously. No sooner was one plot completed, another one was born.

After the death of Cadoudal, Saint-Hilaire and Guillewich hastened to organize a new expedition, which they laid before the King's brother, assuring him that the Chouans were simply waiting with rifles and cartouches, ready for the signal to rise.

His Royal Highness advised Saint-Hilaire to speak to Windham. This was repeated to de Puisaye. At once his ambition was roused. In spite of his late disgrace, he wished to obtain the command of this new expedition.

In furtherance of this scheme the Abbé Péricaud went off to find the Comte de la Châtre, who represented the King in London. While Prigent, in the hopes of doing still better, sought the Comte d'Artois ; but failing to find him he went on to Windham, then

Minister of War, with whom he was well acquainted, and painted Saint-Hilaire and Guillewich in the blackest colours to him. When he succeeded later in obtaining a royal interview he laid bare the plan of these two men in much the same strain, with the result that the Comte d'Artois sent word to Windham that these two persons were merely trying to extort money from England to start a civil war in France. Saint-Hilaire and Guillewich had however been beforehand, and had dispatched their Agent, Kirch, to Morbihan carrying written instructions to the effect that the English Government had promised to finance the rising in Brittany. It was plot and counterplot. Time was pressing; it was necessary to get back Kirch at all costs. Prigent went again to Monsieur, who graciously consented to receive him in his private room. The interview lasted three hours, and Monsieur was delighted and Prigent also—de Puisaye still more so—for he had succeeded in obtaining the coveted command, and the promise that Guillewich should be expelled. The latter accepted their decision with equanimity, having secured for himself an indemnity of £2000 sterling.

Prigent was sent off at once to France with orders to bring back Kirch and Saint-Hilaire, who had followed him there. He had also instructions to re-establish the Correspondance, and to find out

if the countryside was full of deserters as had been affirmed, or whether they were really ripe for a rising.

This was in January 1807. Prigent halted first at Jersey, where General Don in command of the island gave him 100 louis to carry on the work. From there he proceeded to France. He and his comrades did not receive a satisfactory welcome. The former *maisons de confiance* were closed to them. They started in the direction of Tregomeur in search of a man named Lemoine. Prigent told him to present an order drawn by de Puisaye to the President de la Houssaye, but the President, alarmed at the look of affairs, sent Lemoine to the right-about, saying that he had no money.

Much discomfited, the conspirators went to the parish of Ploufragan and knocked at the doors of several farms. It was snowing, and the cold was excessive. At first they got permission to sleep in a stable. Next day they started off on their pilgrimage, and went to the house of a Mme de Beaucorps, who was always ready to give shelter to the Messengers of the Princes.

News reached them next day that an English vessel had been seen in the offing, for they were not far from the coast, and presently a trusted man arrived in haste to inform them that an Agent of Saint - Hilaire, with two companions, was

on his way to capture and murder them. This news was quite enough for them, and they fled at full speed back to the château of Mme de Beaucorps, where they were again received with open arms.

Prigent was puzzled what steps to take next. He sent for one of his relations called Rouxel, but when this man came to the château as requested, he flatly declined to assist him in any way. At last he managed to find a messenger willing to carry some letters to Rennes, to inquire whether there was really a party existing in Brittany ready to carry arms.

Moisan, this was the man's name, returned horrified at the reception that had been accorded him in Rennes, and gave the answers to the letters to Prigent. They were simple refusals on the plea that he was not an accredited Agent. Prigent in a rage threw the letters into the fire.

His one idea now was to get back to England. Indignant and mortified, he had had enough of the game; but on the way he stopped at the château of Monsieur de Brégerac, and showed him his papers signed by the King and by de Puisaye. He explained to him at length that he was not in any way an Agent for England but of the King, who was most desirous of avoiding a civil war, but merely wished to disembark in France with an escort of 50,000 men. But Monsieur de Brégerac was not more willing than the

rest to be drawn into any such scheme. Utterly disgusted, Prigent and his following made their way to a place called La Passagère, between St. Servan and Dinan.¹ They arrived there in the middle of the night, and slept hidden among the rocks. There was a very famous inn here called L'Egorgerie, and when it opened its doors at daybreak they slipped in one by one and drank a measure of cyder, then they hailed the ferry boat and crossed the river Rance.

Still hiding by day and moving on at night, they came slowly, and sent on a man to Rotherneuf beyond Paramé, to find out if their ship was waiting there for them. He returned with the news that it was, but said he had been unable to signal it. Prigent then suggested that they should take a boat anywhere along the coast, and go by sea to Rotherneuf, but as this would entail crossing the bay of St. Malo it was negatived by the rest of the party as being much too dangerous.

There was nothing for it but to make their way on foot, and after crossing through the Bois de Lupin, they came down once more on the shore close to Rotherneuf, and finding some sails and oars took possession of them, but had to remain hidden among the brushwood in the forest for four days waiting for

¹ This spot was the scene of the murder of the Pasteur Carré, his wife, and six daughters about this period.

Paul Féval made this drama the theme of his fine novel, *Jouventella-Tour*.

a favourable wind. They then annexed a boat from under the very eyes of the coastguard, who doubtless saw nothing suspicious in the act, and when night fell they set off, two of their number rowing, and the others sluicing the rowlocks with their shoes full of sea-water to muffle the sound. After four hours' hard work with bleeding hands they reached the island of Chausey, for they had thought it more prudent to put out to sea, and after hiding there for some days they managed to arrive at Jersey. Every one there believed them lost, and a rumour had gone forth that Guillevich had sent his commissaries to France to assassinate them. With such divisions in their own party it was not surprising that the results were small.

When Prigent after all his trouble, privations, and dangers, at last returned to London, he was much disgusted to find the turn affairs had taken. He was received very coldly by Mr. Cooke, and when he was once more in the company of his chiefs the Comte de Puisaye and the Comte de la Châtre, he found that many events had occurred during his absence.

Lord Castlereagh was no longer in the Ministry, and Saint-Hilaire and Guillevich their two opponents, were now in high favour with the Princes. This, after all that he, Prigent, had done to supersede them. He indignantly sought out Monsieur, brother of the King, so as to give him the latest news

without loss of time. He assured his royal patron that France was in a perfectly tranquil state, that there were no deserters, no armed bands, save those of Guillevich which were sent to murder him. But his plausible tale had little effect. The Prince received him with the most icy manner, and informed him he had received a letter in which Prigent was denounced by the English Government as a very dangerous individual. On hearing this he nearly fainted, as he had felt sure that his advice in high quarters would be well received, and that he and his chiefs would obtain all that they wanted.

Plots were brewing everywhere in London, in Jersey, and on the coast of Brittany. The Prince de Bouillon now once more made use of Armand de Chateaubriand, and he was sent for. In company with young Monsieur d'Allègre he started for England, carrying dispatches for Mr. Cooke from the Prince de Bouillon.

The first check that befell him was that on his arrival at Southampton he discovered that the passport with which he had been furnished would not allow of his proceeding any farther, so M. d'Allègre had to go on to London alone, promising to take the necessary steps when he had arrived there, so that Chateaubriand might soon follow him.

But all that happened was a letter from him,

telling Armand he must stay where he was and await orders.

Much discouraged, there was nothing for it but to put his dispatches into a sealed cover and send them to de Puisaye. At last after waiting five days, the passport arrived. These needless delays and difficulties, no doubt the result of the endless intrigues, added much to the trouble of Chateaubriand, who unlike the rest was genuinely interested in the work, and must have been most disheartening.

Chateaubriand however, always followed out his orders with no outward complaint, and at once proceeded to London and joined M. d'Allègre, and from there he announced his arrival to de Puisaye. In the evening of the same day he visited Mr. Cooke, who was out, and worn out with fatigue at last retired to rest, to begin again the same futile work the following morning.

Comte de Puisaye wrote inviting him to call, a letter, speedily followed by another, putting off the engagement, and announcing to Chateaubriand that Lord Castlereagh intended to do nothing further in the matter.

Shunted from one to another all the time, doing nothing of any service, and left totally without means or any repayments, Chateaubriand was in despair. He wrote to de Puisaye he had never been in such a painful situation, and would he

favour him with an advance of ten pounds. To this he received no answer.

Once more he applied in the following beseeching letter :—

“I had reason to believe after the interview I had with Mr. Cooke, that, being under your protection, I should obtain the salary due to me, and he also promised to speak on my behalf to Lord Castlereagh. But for a whole week I have awaited your orders and have received no answer.

“At this season of the year it is very necessary that I should look after my own affairs; but, without pecuniary help, I am unable to return home.

“I deeply grieve that I do not seem able to have the honour of seeing you, but if you will bestow your confidence upon me, it will cause me the liveliest pleasure. If our mutual devotion to the same cause is a title to obtain your favour I think myself worthy of it. I trust I may not be many days older before I have the honour of meeting you.”

But this letter did not have any effect in softening de Puisaye.

What could Armand do? What was to become of him? Once more alone in London, where he had hastened so full of confidence in the task entrusted to him, to find all doors closed against him.

To be forced to write supplicating and humiliating

letters, such as an inferior would send to his masters ; to grovel for help, and yet receive no answer, such was the fate of these brave and well-born men, who devoted their lives to these fallen but ungrateful Princes. Ruined by the Revolution, and deprived of their properties, they and their families alike suffered many privations. But Chateaubriand had put his hand to the plough, and was not one to turn back. He had vowed allegiance to his Sovereign, and he would serve him to the end. Slights and insults from those who had been put over him affected him but little. But at that moment the absolute material things were wanting, and he could hardly be expected to beg for his bread in the streets of London.

He now wrote to the Prince de Bouillon to ask of him for help to return to Jersey.

But even the Prince failed to reply. The emigrants were all in such low water they were unable to help each other, however some friends asked him to dinner and said they would speak to Lord Castlereagh on his behalf next day.

But Lord Castlereagh was always out ! There was evidently no help to be got from him. Absolutely broken down, weary, and miserable, there was nothing left but to borrow the small sum necessary for the voyage to Jersey. It was so absolutely imperative for Armand to get home.

On his arrival there a letter reached him almost

immediately, with the startling news of his reinstatement in the Service of the Correspondance from which he had been more or less removed. What had brought about this wonderful change?

Simply the disgrace of Prigent. Armand was now become indispensable to his party, and it was considered necessary to conciliate him.

CHAPTER XI

THE END OF DE PUISAYE'S FOLLOWERS

THE rivals and enemies of Armand de Chateaubriand, although for a time so successful, were now nearing the end of their intrigues. The cause they all had had at heart was failing also. The private ambitions, jealousies, and intrigues, had done more than anything else to weaken the valiant efforts made to restore the fallen Monarchy. And none were more to blame than the Princes themselves. The victims were the men who had devoted their lives to bring back and restore their rightful Kings, and who failed by reason of lack of support. To patriots and traitors alike the game was drawing to a close.

On the 10th of January 1808, a vessel started from Jersey fully armed, with ten guns on board and a crew of thirty men. This was the *Drack*, Captain Ferrès in command, and she towed a large-sized boat suitable for purposes of landing, and fully equipped for either sails or oars.

The thirty sailors were armed with carbines and daggers. She carried five passengers, emissaries of

the Comte de Puisaye. One, who answered to the name of Blondel, was no other than Colonel Prigent ; another was de Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, the former companion in exile of Chateaubriand. The three others were also members of the Service—Guignet, the son of a gardener at St. Servan ; Deschamps, a native of Rotherneuf ; Leclerc, from a village near St. Servan.

M. de Gouyon was to remain on board the *Drack* and return to England in her, to report on the expedition to the Comte de Puisaye.

Prigent was furnished with written instructions to the effect that he was empowered to re-establish in France the Royalist Committees similar to those of 1797, and he was to begin this work at Rennes, and thus prepare the public mind for the return of the Monarchy. He was also to raise troops in Ille-et-Vilaine, in the Côtes-du-Nord, and in La Manche.

Prigent was, moreover to send in constant reports to the Prince de Bouillon at Jersey, who would hand them over to General Don. He in his turn would transmit them to Mr. Cooke Under-Secretary for State.

Prigent had yet another mission, and that was to assassinate the Emperor ! But such orders are not put in writing, and the criminal instructions were kept in the background ; none must know that he held them.

When they came off the island of Chausey, the *Drack* cast anchor. The tempest was rising and the snow was falling, and they took shelter for the night, but Prigent and his companions landed in the long-boat.

For ten days the storm raged and they could not regain their ship, and had to remain in hiding among the rocks. During this time a frigate from Guernsey came and anchored near the *Drack*. She was bound for England, but had also to put in on account of stress of weather.

On the 20th the *Drack* was able to set off once more, and at seven that same evening they reached the French coast at Rotherneuf, near Paramé. A strong patrol of the coastguard was stationed on the cliff, but while they were occupied in watching the movements of the vessel, the boat put off quietly with Prigent and his companions and they landed at the foot of the rocks in a small cove hidden away from view.

The sands were covered with snow, and the night was absolutely black.

Silently the four men walked as far as the Chapel of St. Vincent. They all knew the coast and could find their way through little bypaths even in the darkness. Prigent knocked at the door of a house he knew and where he had formerly received hospitality. But too many disasters had befallen those rash enough

to give assistance to the emigrants, and the inhabitants declined to open to them. "Go on your way," they shouted from behind the closed doors. By side-roads the four travellers reached the border of the marshes of Talard, a desolate part of the country at that time mostly morass and bog, now covered with houses and farms and market gardens. They did not dare enter the town of St. Servan, but skirted it till they came to a place called La Petite Vacherie. A lonely house stood there occupied by two families. The men were masons by trade, named Huet and Flamand respectively, and both had sheltered Prigent on one of his former expeditions. But again the doors were closed against him.

Then began for these four spies the terrible life of vagrants. They were tracked like wild beasts, and could only sleep in dry ditches and the depths of the woods.

But Prigent who showed an immense amount of courage and fortitude, was studying the country all the time and sending in endless reports to General Don. In one of them he announced that he was sending back Guignet to Jersey as he was a drunkard. In another he complained of the negligence and indifference of the Prince de Bouillon, and wrote in moving terms of the dangers of the situation, and of the active supervision of the Prefects under the Empire. These reports are of interest as being a

personal record of the many changes that were then taking place in France under the new régime, as well as an account of the private dissension that existed in the little band.

“Bouchard,” he writes, “would not obey the orders of M. Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, while as to the captain of the *Drack* he openly criticized the arrangements as to navigation imposed on him by the Prince, for how could a landsman like that give useless orders to a sailor? But that is as may be ; it might have been of use had the captain landed in France, though had he done so he would either have been killed at once, or at the best, thirty-six hours after he would have found himself in a Paris prison.

“We are denounced and hunted down, night and day they are after us. An extraordinary watch is being kept on our movements. We are indebted for all these fresh dangers to Bonaparte’s many spies on English soil.

“In the last year a wonderful change has taken place ; it surprises people, but makes them dread the future.

“The greatest order exists in the administrations. It is no longer the case of multitudes of heads of departments—there exists only one now, and that one is surrounded by capable officers ready to defend the interests of the Emperor.

“It is true that if any event came about, we

should find numerous partisans. But in that case it would be very necessary that the members of the illustrious house of Bourbon should appear in person ; for should we have another drawback, all would be lost past recall.

“ H.R.H. Monsieur promised formerly to accompany me to Brittany. This would have been accomplished, had it not been for those cowards who preferred enriching themselves in England at the expense of the brave Royalists.”

In his fifteenth report he writes :—

“ The situation is becoming more and more critical. A Commissary-General, several secretaries, and fifty spies, in the employment of Bonaparte have arrived in St. Malo.

“ I cannot speak too highly of the courage of my lieutenants, but I fear that in the end they may be disgusted and lose heart in the teeth of this growing danger.”¹

These last remarks seem to have been somewhat of the nature of a premonition, for Bouchard, who had always been inclined to be insubordinate, was shortly about to give himself up and betray his companions. Prigent's twentieth report was a real cry of despair. Everything was against him. It was urgent that he should leave the coast and proceed to a neighbouring department where he had many friends. Those in St.

¹ These reports of Prigent to the English General Don have been preserved in the National Archives.

Malo were in as great difficulties as himself. Prigent evidently had the pen of a ready writer, for besides his numerous reports, he corresponded with the Prince de Bouillon, General d'Allègre and his son, M. de Gouyon-Vaucouleurs and Mme de Guyon-Beaucorps.

General Brécourt used to send him news of his family, of whom he was not forgetful, for hidden away among the brushwood he still found means to write to them. These letters were afterwards seized, though he addressed them to Mme de Saint-Jouin, under cover to His Highness the Prince de Bouillon, and they were purely family letters of no public interest whatever. But whether private or public, all letters belonging to the outlaws were seized, and in this way have been strangely preserved.

Prigent gave no address indeed he had none, but he did not fear to put the date and sign his real name.

“FRANCE, 20th March 1808.

“I take advantage my dear mother of the kindness of our good General to ask news of you and of my dear Cecilia and Marie-Joseph, and to give such news as I can of myself, which, thank God, is pretty good. I pray you to have no anxiety and not weary yourself. Try and find amusement in taking the children out walking, occupy yourself with the care of our poultry-yard and garden, in which I hope to find enough to satisfy our needs. Mind and get

liqueurs and coffee, and all that you require. I especially recommended my dear Cecilia to see to that. I shall be glad to hear that she looks after you well and sees to your correspondence and gives you satisfaction. Let me know if you have received your money. I embrace you with the most respectful affection.—Your son,

PRIGENT."

A second sheet of the same date is a continuation of the letter :—

"How is my dear Cecilia ; does she think of her fond father ? Does she look after the house and garden carefully ? May I hope to find at least a hundred chickens ? Do you all realize how much I shall enjoy the taste of them ? I hope that she keeps a good table, and has strengthening food for you dear mother. Good wine and coffee are necessary. I hope Cecilia remembers to thank our good General for his many kindnesses, and beg of him to continue them. I kiss her with all my heart, and am her loving father and tender friend."

This daughter had been with him in his cottage in England in the days of his prosperity, but from the allusions to the General it was evident that his family had returned to France. Time and distance did not diminish the affection of the emigrants for their relations and friends, but the fact was they never expected that they would be long

separated. Prigent was full of illusions, and thought he was sure to be quite safe once he had removed from the coast. He did not realize the real danger. As soon as the news of his arrival in the country became known, the Sous-Préfet of Dinan M. Néel organized a regular hunt, which was undertaken by M. Goudelin, a lieutenant of the gendarmes.

First of all this officer arrested his two brothers-in-law, one named Moncoq a baker at Dinan, the other Brindejone who had once given shelter to Prigent. Hoping to free themselves these two prisoners handed over all the letters which Prigent had left in their care.

Mme Brindejone to save her husband and brother-in-law Moncoq, went to the Gendarmerie and offered to show them the place where Prigent and his comrades were in hiding. Although she was in an advanced stage of pregnancy she led them through the night, arriving at dawn to find them fled. Prigent having got wind of the affair and learnt that the gendarmes were after him, had made good his escape.

These members of his family had evidently no mercy on him, but it is probable that the upstart Prigent had possibly done nothing to earn their gratitude, and the penalties of sheltering the proscribed men were so great, it was more than could be expected. But among the Royalist nobles much loyalty prevailed, which did not extend in all cases to

the lower orders. At last Bouchard tired of the life he was leading of perpetual danger in this hazardous work, left his comrades and started for Rennes, where he gave himself up and denounced his accomplices. The Préfet at once organized a fresh search party with a horse patrol, and they took Bouchard disguised in the uniform of a gendarme as a guide. He led them straight to a field where he knew that Prigent and the others were hiding.

Again the nest was empty, and, much discomfited the party were riding away when a little shepherd boy pointed out a field of barley where he had seen a man armed with a gun enter, as if to hide himself. The gendarmes at once dismounted and surrounded the field, and commenced a battue driving from the sides to the centre. All at once two men stood up among the barley and fired. They were Jean Leclerc and Deschamps. One gendarme fell mortally wounded, the others returned the fire and this time Leclerc fell wounded. Prigent, who was also in the field, had remained quiet. He knew all resistance was useless, and he gave himself up to the Force. Deschamps now did the same. They were quickly disarmed; they had five carbines, pistols, and daggers. Prigent had besides road plans of the country in his pocket, a wallet full of papers, and a purse containing fifty pieces of gold. They were promptly put in irons, and the police having re-

quisitioned carts, proceeded with their prisoners to Rennes. As soon as they were brought before the Préfet Prigent, coward that he was, declared that if they would take off his chains he would make some important revelations.

For six consecutive hours he held forth, denouncing all those who went in dread of Bonaparte's police, and giving up all the secrets of the Correspondance of the Princes.

In reporting this, the first interrogatory, to the Chief of the Police in Paris, the Préfet made the following pungent remarks :—

“As far as I can judge this man is dreadfully afraid of death. He will try to buy his safety by revealing everything that is required of him. I have the honour to send you all the instructions that were given him by de Puisaye, with the secret means by which they were to be put into execution. You will recognize his handwriting, and judge by these of his blind rage against our august Emperor ; also the feeble data on which he and his feeble party have worked, under the impression that they understood the veritable situation in France.”

With this letter was sent a supplication from Prigent to the Emperor, begging to be allowed to serve him as his spy.

During the interrogations that followed, Prigent completed his act of treason. He gave the names of

all the points on the coast where the disembarking of the *Correspondance* took place, the list of the sure houses where the Agents could obtain shelter, the secret method of communicating with de Puisaye, and the means of securing the letters he was now sending to his accredited messengers.

Even the Préfet was filled with disgust when he saw what manner of man he had before him, and glad as he was at his important capture of papers and information, he scorned the Judas who had been the means of his procuring them. Once more he writes :—

“Prigent invokes the whole world to save his own head. This man’s character is despicable. He is clever, subtle, and knows the country of Brittany and all its doings by heart. It seems he had inspired many people with confidence during the civil war, not because of his personal bravery, but because of his resourceful mind. I have sent him off to Paris in a closed carriage with an escort of police.”

They carried with them all the incriminating arms and papers that had been seized.

These were indeed a prize for Fouché, and after that he thoroughly mastered the secret instructions of the Comte de Puisaye, in which M. Gouyon-Vaucouleurs was designed by the letter B. He determined to take prisoner this latter by means of the same secret methods which had been employed in the case of the unfortunate Duc d’Enghien.

The plan was devised by Fouché in company with the Préfet at Rennes, and it was decided that Bouchard should be sent to Jersey, where he would present himself before the Prince de Bouillon on the plea that he had been sent by Prigent. Then he should return to France, bringing with him any fresh instructions he could gather, and it should be arranged that Gouyon-Vaucouleurs should follow him before long, and they would take good care to know the exact spot and date of his arrival.

Bouchard played his part with consummate villainy. He held in his hands all the proofs that made it appear he had come from Prigent, and the Prince received him with open arms.

He generously gave him fifty louis, and a personal letter from himself to Prigent, and one that had come from de Puisaye for him. It was decided before Bouchard left, that Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, between the 20th and 25th of that month should land in one of the small bays near St. Malo.

On his return to France Bouchard, acting on the instructions he had received from Fouché, went at once to M. Petit the Commissary-General of Police at St. Malo.

M. Petit at once laid his plans, reinforced the coastguard, and posted eighteen gendarmes in charge of an officer at Rotherneuf, which was in the immediate neighbourhood of the proposed landing-

place. On the night of the 21st a pinnacle of somewhat suspicious appearance drew near the bay. A light was at once flashed from shore. This meant that Gouyon-Vaucouleurs was expected to land at that point, and soon a small boat with three men on board detached itself from the vessel. The gendarmes, who were crouching among the rocks, allowed it to land upon the sands, then they made a rush down upon the beach and seized de Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, while the two English sailors dashed back into the sea and swam for their lives.

The coastguard fired at the pinnacle, while the gendarmes took away their prisoner to a house of detention at St. Malo.

Next morning at daybreak the tide threw up on the shore the body of one of the sailors, the other had been captured as he was struggling in the water trying to reach the pinnacle. M. Petit, the Chief of Police at St. Malo at once held an inquiry on Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, and wrote to Fouché highly commending the conduct of Bouchard.

“I consider that Bouchard has acted with surprising cleverness and audacity. He certainly deserves a free pardon after this, and I think your Excellency will be willing to grant him a reward in proportion to his services. I have already given him divers sums of money, and I undertook to supply his wants, but I did not set him at liberty,

because it was not in my province to do so. I only gave him a permit to leave his prison in the daytime, and he always returned at six in the evening at latest. I trust your Excellency will be satisfied with what I have done hitherto."

But when Napoleon had no longer any need of traitors he conveniently forgot their services.

Prigent and Bouchard were going to learn this on their own account.

When Gouyon-Vaucouleurs found he was in the hands of the enemy he comported himself with the utmost dignity and courage. He had however but little hope. For one thing he was a poor man and could offer no large bribes.

He realized that his days were numbered, and that his only daughter Adèle would soon be an orphan. Vainly did she appeal to Fouché in a most touching supplication; vainly did his faithful friends work on his behalf.

On the 9th of July Gouyon-Vaucouleurs wrote to one of his relations Mme de Matignon, who was lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine. She also made a fresh supplication on her cousin's behalf to Fouché. To him she wrote as follows:—

"The whole of this affair is I take it, entirely in your hands, and I venture to hope that you will take as favourable a view as possible of the

case, and mitigate the sentence as much as you can."

But all these prayers were equally in vain; the implacable Fouché had a heart of stone. On the 20th of July he wrote to the Préfet of Ille-et-Vilaine that he was busy preparing his report.

"Gouyon-Vaucouleurs is a man who was taken in flagrant *délit*. It is known that for twelve years he has helped to carry on the Correspondance between the Duc de Bouillon and the English authorities. Because of his advanced age Prigent tells us he has done little of late, which means merely that he was less useful and less often employed."

That was all; no word of mercy or chance of forgiveness. From his prison Gouyon also wrote to Fouché, and changing his tone from supplication to something which he thought more likely to carry weight, he told him that to his knowledge he was sure that England would consent to exchange him against six hundred French prisoners and sixty officers, if the Emperor would give his consent. But the only response to this was a few words written by Fouché on the margin of the petition:—

"Even supposing that H.M. the Emperor would listen to this request, I do not think the English Government attach so much importance to this individual as to accept the conditions he proposes."

This sensational trial began at Rennes on the 30th September. It was as it were the dying chant of the Correspondance. There were thirty-six persons accused, and it was a military affair and presided over by the General of the Gendarmerie.

The first day was given up to interrogations. Traitor to the end, Prigent reiterated all his revelations and the special charges he had brought against Gouyon-Vaucouleurs.

The following day the Attorney-General commenced his address, and the lawyers for the defence began their pleadings. This took two days. Gouyon-Vaucouleurs' advocate made a splendid speech. He had the courage to openly denounce the treachery that had led to the arrest of his client, and compared it with the well-known case of the Duc d'Enghien. Some of the judges were in tears as the defence proceeded.

On the 3rd of October sentence was passed. There were eleven acquittals. Fifteen of the accused, among whom was M. de Beaucorps one of the victims of Prigent's revelations, and the husband of the lady who had so often sheltered the traitor, were left to be reported on later, according to the decision of the Minister of Justice. Ten of the prisoners were condemned to death: these were Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, Colonel Prigent, Jean Leclerc, Bouchard, Deschamps, Botrel, Tallet, Neveu, Ratel, and the Mayor de Claye.

One of the last-named on hearing his sentence, nearly fainted. Gouyon-Vaucouleurs held him up in his arms.

"My friend," he said, "I hope you will not allow your memory to be tarnished by acting as a coward this day. Have courage, and learn from me how a Royalist should die."

The execution except in the case of Prigent and Bouchard, was to take place the following day on the Champ-de-Mars, as the parade-ground at Rennes was called, in the presence of all the rabble of the town.

Military music was played, the troops of the garrison were all under arms, and the firing party was commanded by the Adjutant of the Swiss Corps. After having received the benediction of the priest Gouyon-Vaucouleurs stepped forward, and placing his hand on his heart said to the Adjutant, "Strike here!"

All the men as well as himself had refused to kneel down, or to have their eyes bound; nor would they turn their backs on the firing party; and so these brave followers of a hopeless cause met their fate without flinching and without a murmur. On the very morning of the execution, a nobleman of Brittany Monsieur de Villeguimon, touched by the sorrows of the unfortunate Adèle de Gouyon-Vaucouleurs asked her hand in marriage, although he had never seen her before in his life.

Prigent and Bouchard fell in their turn on the 11th

of October, shot down by the soldiers of the Republic. No record has been handed down as to how they met their miserable end, nor what their sensations were when they found that their treachery had availed them nothing.

With their downfall the Correspondance under the Comte de Puisaye was concluded. That of the Prince de Bouillon still continued to work, for he had yet the services of the bravest and best of all the Agents, that of Armand de Chateaubriand.

CHAPTER XII

A NEST OF CONSPIRATORS

IT is necessary to go back a few weeks in the history of those stirring times. While Prigent, before his dramatic end related in the last chapter, held in the name of the Comte de Puisaye authority to work for the re-establishment of the Royalists, Armand de Chateaubriand held a similar position from the hands of the Prince de Bouillon.

But in spite of all his noble efforts, his end was not less tragic.

He was probably in ignorance during those autumn months of all that was going on, news was transmitted so rarely. And he was much occupied over a new mission that had been entrusted to him, and from which they hoped great things.

This mission had been handed over to him by a man named Henri Larivière.

He was a Normandy lawyer who before the Revolution spent his life, and employed such talents as he had, in petty chicanery, and lightened his leisure hours by writing couplets. From sheer con-

viction he had at the beginning shared in all the illusions and enthusiasms of the revolutionists, and these sentiments becoming known, had procured him a seat in the Convention of Delegates, and he had in consequence left his native place.

But little by little the crimes that he witnessed caused his mind to swing back as it were, to the very other extreme.

His new views seriously compromised him, and he saved his neck only by escaping to England.

He managed to attach himself to what was called the "Little Court of Hartwell," where the fallen Princes reigned, and instituted himself the Court Poet. He relieved his feelings by bringing out burning poems on the wrongs he had endured. He collaborated with Peltier and other libellous and epigrammatic writers, journalists, and such like, who by their fiery writings more often hindered than helped their party.

Besides these semi-political writings Larivière composed vaudevilles and potpourris, and satires on the French Government, calculated to irritate the Imperial susceptibilities, and he acted as a sort of Court Jester at Hartwell.

But while leading a life of more or less cheerful ease, he had worked out a new mission which he put before the Comte de Puisaye, and the latter, desirous of ridding himself of Armand de Chateaubriand

advised Larivière to confide this important scheme to Armand as their accredited Agent.

There is a document existing in the handwriting of Fouché in which the whole of this plan laid bare the falseness and treachery of de Puisaye. Fouché writes of him in terms of contempt, and remarks that his credit was exhausted, but that the party, Louis XVIII. in particular, were anxious to get at his instructions to Chateaubriand, and the true meaning of them.

The mission as they called it had for its object the following triple aims :—

1. Send an Agent to Paris to study public opinion, the state of the garrison, and judge how conscription was working.

2. The Agent should frequent theatres and places of amusement such as cafés and dancing-halls, so as to enter more fully into the ideas and wishes of the people with whom they should discuss matters.

3. The Agent should take charge of, and hand over in person, three letters from M. Larivière to M. Laya, the Abbé Sicard, and M. Caille, a lawyer.

These letters were a renewal of former social relations. They spoke of an amnesty and the probability of the return to France of Henri Larivière. In reality they were only intended to draw these persons into a fresh correspondence.

The Agent would be called upon to answer the following eight questions :—

1. How many troops are there in Paris? What is their attitude? How are they employed? How do the citizens regard them?

2. On what terms are the Senate with Bonaparte and his party?

3. What is the general opinion in Paris on Bonaparte, since the affairs in Spain?

4. What is said of England, Austria, and Russia? also what is the opinion on the apparent renewal of hostilities with Germany?

5. Who are the Generals most opposed to Bonaparte?

6. Is it true that conscription really exists, and that all men between sixteen and forty years of age are made to carry arms?

7. What is said of General Moreau, and do they still discuss his conduct?

8. Have the French Princes many real partizans, and what is the opinion on Louis XVIII. being in England?

This scheme included sending an Agent to Brest, also to Lorient or St. Malo, both being important ports, to ascertain the exact strength of the forces by land and by sea at these places, and arrange for a private correspondent at each of them.

These Agents as well as the Paris one, should

scatter on their way especially in Brittany, pamphlets and printed matter dealing with the return of the Monarchy.

The Paris Agent moreover should procure such journals as would give reliable information to the English Government, on all that was happening in France or that concerned the Emperor.

The journals quoted were: *Le Moniteur*, *Le Mercure de France*, *Le Journal de Commerce*, *La Gazette de France*, *La Revue Littéraire*, and others. Double copies of each were required.

Small newspapers which spoke freely of the Emperor, and other probably scurrilous publications, were also to be sent.

Henri Larivière recommended a certain M. de la Saudrais as suitable as Paris Agent.

He had been born in Spain and had been French consul in that country, and was well acquainted with it. Now he lived in St. Malo.

It was arranged that Chateaubriand should undertake to find the necessary Agents. He was to travel under his assumed name of John Terrier, and he was given a subsidy of 1500 louis.

Since he had been allowed to leave London, he had been living quietly with his family in Jersey; but ever ready at the call of duty, he at once made his preparations to depart, and accepted the post allotted to him without questioning or fear. He comforted

and consoled his wife, and urged her to have no needless alarms ; had he not braved death a hundred times, and had not death always spared him ?

As he expected to be in or near Paris, and as he had now at last a well-filled purse, he determined to gratify some of his tastes.

In the sad monotony of his life in exile in London he had acquired a love of books. In the days of his old free life he had always declared that reading gave him a headache, now it was his chief solace ; so he determined to increase his little library. It may be of interest to learn what was his taste in literature and what were the books in vogue at that day.

His list included the following works : *Le Nouveau Bélisaire*, by Mme de Genlis ; *Le Siège de la Rochelle*, by the same author ; *Corinne*, by Mme de Staël ; *Les Exilés en Sibérie* and *La Prise de Jéricho*, by Mme Cottin, also *l'Almanach des Muses* and *l'Almanach Littéraire*.

He was determined also to buy his cousin René's last new work, *Relation de Chateaubriand ou voyage en Egypte et en Grèce*, and he wrote the name of this book at the top of the list.

Jenny on her side had all sorts of commissions to give her husband. For her sake he must visit the shops, and she made out her list.

She wanted calico, striped muslin, at least six ells

of it, some dimity with small stripes, and cotton with which to make a dozen undervests with long sleeves.

“I shall never remember it all,” said Armand with a smile ; but all the same with great docility he added it to the catalogue of his own wants, for what his dear Jenny required would be his first purchase.

In the dusty Reports filed in the National Archives, this paper is to be seen to this day among the sinister records belonging to Fouché. Four patterns of muslin are fastened to it with a small pin oxidized by sea-water ; this pathetic list of a woman’s wants, which survived the tempest and disaster, what were they after all but a futile pretext to hide a breaking heart ! These details of household needs were an excuse to Armand and Jenny to delude themselves and each other at that supreme moment of parting, when their hearts were wrung by anguish. The sight of this scrap of paper, written over a hundred years ago, fills the mind of the beholder with melancholy. It speaks of tragedy lodged as it is in this evil register.

On the 25th of September at daybreak Chateaubriand, to be known henceforth by his name of Terrier, left Jersey. His dress consisted of leathern breeches, a cloth vest, and a high-crowned hat. His baggage consisted of a valise not longer than his arm, which contained his instructions, his money, his list of commissions, and a change of linen.

At that moment he was still in ignorance of what had been going on. News travelled very slowly, and they had few means of learning what befell their comrades. The arrest of Prigent had not reached him. It was for ever a groping in the dark.

The vessel in which he embarked was his own property, Mme de Chateaubriand had so managed as to avoid the sale of it. He had seven Jersey sailors armed to the teeth. With him on board were Devaux (an intrepid Chouan), Michel Quintal (one of the emigrants), and M. Montan a friend of his own who had undertaken to take charge of the vessel on her return to Jersey, and give an account there of what had taken place.

The weather was fine and that same evening they reached the bay of St. Cast.

Chateaubriand took leave of M. Montan, and begged him to return with the ship on the night of the 29th or 30th, and promised to send by post any useful information. He was then landed in a small creek adjoining St. Cast, and left to make his way, no difficult task, as he was in the near vicinity of his old home. He at once took that direction, as his intention was to call at the house of his old friend and neighbour, M. de Boisé-Lucas.

The owner of the old manor-house had never attempted to emigrate. Very prudently, he had kept aloof from all the political events. He may have

been wanting in patriotism, but perhaps he saw the futility of the efforts that were made. To prove his citizenship, he accepted the rank of captain in the National Guard at St. Cast, for he had begun life, as already stated, as a lieutenant of coastguards at that place. He had then purchased the manor of Bois  -Lucas, and was now known by the name of his property.

He had aged very little. His grey eyes under their thick brown eyebrows, were as bright as ever, and there were hardly any white hairs to be seen. A bald head was the chief sign of the years that had passed over this Breton gentleman.

His son Maxime now a fine young man, was engaged in finishing his legal studies at Rennes. He was tall and good-looking, with dark chestnut hair, and the oval face small mouth and fine features of his mother. From her too, he had inherited an ardent imagination and a romantic spirit.

He had a taste for literature, and an intense admiration for the Old Noblesse.

He was accustomed to, and did not dislike, the solitude of Bois  -Lucas ; and during his vacations at home he took much pleasure in going about among the friends of his childhood, and he sought the society of the amiable dowager of Planco  t.

On the autumn evenings when the first logs were lighted on the hearth, he would join those peaceful

circles in the fine old houses of the little provincial town, and listened with pleasure to old tales which stirred the depth of his romantic heart ; tales of the Chouans and their prowess, the bravery of the nobles, and legends of the deeds of their ancestors.

And above and beyond this, another attraction drew him to Plancoët. There was a charming young girl with large dreamy eyes, at sight of whom Maxime felt his heart beat quicker. Languorous caressing looks, furtive pressure of fingers, soon followed. An understanding grew up between these two young people, and a correspondence of touching love-letters soon ensued.

This correspondence, and a curl of blonde hair which was given as the crowning act of consent and love, lie to this day among the dusty papers of the Paris archives, side by side with the muslin patterns of Mme de Chateaubriand ; and the stranger may read the outpourings of a very young girl's heart on the stained yellow sheets of paper, written in secrecy, with all the shy delight of a first love. But nothing was secret in those dreadful days, and the tenderest feelings were laid bare.

“You will think it strange,” writes the object of Maxime's affections, “that I send you this letter, seeing that we meet so often, but I am so absorbed when I see you that I forget all I mean to say, and I am ashamed at the blushes that overspread my face.

I thought you would be sufficiently reasonable not to insist on my giving you a piece of my hair. I believe in a few months you will think little of it, and that you will then regret you forced me to give it to you against my wishes, although it would be unseemly of me to make a parade of virtue, when on other occasions I have given proof of my love.

“It is late and you are doubtless enjoying a rest, of which you have utterly deprived me.”

These melancholy and love-sick letters were invariably accompanied by the recommendation to “Burn my letters,” words inspired by fear and timidity.

Irony of fate! These love-letters were used in witness against Maxime on his trial when he fell into the hands of the law. They were seized with his other papers, and now may be classed among historical documents.

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On the evening of the day that Armand landed once more on the coast of his beloved Brittany, M. de Boisé-Lucas was seated alone in the large, low, white-washed room which formed the centre portion of the old manor-house.

It was lighted by two windows at each end, one opening on the courtyard, the other looking over the ravine at the back of the house. The fire was burning low in the wide hearth, the chimneypiece of which was adorned with a heavy oak overmantel, with

weapons of the chase hanging above it. All at once a knock was heard on the back window, as if it had been lightly tapped with the fingers.

The servant maid Jacqueline, who was finishing her work of clearing away the supper, went to open the window. She turned back into the room saying, "There is some one at the back of the house asking if he may speak to you on pressing business."

Boisé-Lucas got up from his chair and looked out.

It was a dark night and pouring with rain. In the gloom, faintly lighted by the rays from the lamp within, he saw a man standing with the water pouring off him. The light fell on a shining dagger at his side, under his arm he carried a small valise.

"It is I, Armand de Chateaubriand," he whispered as soon as he perceived his friend; "open to me I implore of you."

"Let you in!" exclaimed de Boisé-Lucas in a horrified tone, "why it would be risking my life as well as of all those who belong to me. Are you not aware that Prigent has been arrested, and all the unfortunates who ever gave him shelter?"

"No. I was quite ignorant of his fate. But do open all the same. My ship has left and where can I obtain shelter on this awful night?"

"What have you come to do in the country?"

"See my little Jenny who lives at St. Malo with

the Demoiselles Desmottes. She is ill, and she has been away from me four years."

Of course this information was not the true one, but they did not dare tell the truth even to their friends, unless in a place of absolute safety, for fear of being overheard.

"I will open" was the friendly reply of the kind-hearted man.

But Boisé-Lucas was well aware he must take every precaution. First he sent the maid away, the colloquy had been held in low tones and Jacqueline at the end of the long room had not heard what they were talking about. Then he shut down the window as though he had dismissed the would-be intruder, and presently opened the front door to admit Armand who had quietly crept round the house.

Silently and treading softly and noiselessly, the two men crossed through the large living room and went upstairs.

"Come in here" said M. de Boisé-Lucas, and he showed his unwelcome guest into a slip of a room, a mere garret with a truckle-bed, but adjoining the bed-chamber of the lady of the house, then softly closing the door on him he went down to search, as soon as Jacqueline had gone to bed, for some bread and butter and cider. This was gratefully received by the prisoner upstairs, who was in sore need of food, and while he ate Boisé-Lucas once more poured out his fears.

"It is impossible for me to keep you. Maxime who is at present at Plancoët returns in two days, and to welcome him on this his vacation we have invited a party of eleven friends."

"But what is to become of me? Sleep here to-night I must, and take a rest."

"To-morrow at nightfall I will take you round to Du Val. Monsieur Morvonnais will hardly refuse you shelter in your old home."

Armand wearied out and longing for sleep had no other suggestion to make, and thankfully accepted the present hospitality, although rather grudgingly given. He remained in bed all the next day to evade the curiosity of Jacqueline, M. de Boisé-Lucas himself bringing him up food, his wife was fortunately absent. As soon as it was dusk, the two men started off across the fields to the Château du Val. It was M. Morvonnais who opened the door.

When he saw Armand he stepped back in horror.

"Nothing in the world will tempt me to receive you," he cried; his voice, his eyes, his whole aspect was one of terror.

Armand understood only too well. He knew it was useless to press it any further.

"Very well" he said quietly "but at least you will keep my secret."

The other man nodded; fear rendered him speechless.

They turned away from the door which Armand knew full well would never be opened to him, and in the fading night took a long last look of the dear old home where his happy childhood had been spent, and in that look he drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs; then, with bent head and unsteady footsteps he followed Boisé-Lucas, who with hasty strides was making his way back to his own home. There was nothing for it but to take Armand back with him. Perhaps the very fact of the party would help to lull suspicion.

On the following morning Maxime arrived home, and almost immediately the guests turned up for the festive *déjeuner*, which was both excellently served and most cheerful. Laughter and jokes resounded through the house, the visitors little suspecting who was listening above to the sounds of revelry, and they did not disperse till late in the afternoon. When the house had resumed its usual calm, de Boisé-Lucas led his son mysteriously to the garret room, as it was necessary to come to some decision, and he wanted Maxime's advice.

Armand who was lying on the bed, got up at their entrance, and feeling that dissimulation was useless poured out to the father and son all the details of his mission and what was expected of him.

For a moment a fierce anger rose in de Boisé-Lucas' heart.

"You have deceived me" he cried. "You have compromised me, and we shall all be lost."

But Maxime said nothing. He was thinking.

For a stripling who had never been farther than Rennes, the billet about to be offered to M. de la Saudrais appeared an enviable one.

To conspire against the Emperor! Why that of itself would be both amusing and romantic. And when to this was added a visit to Paris, which necessitated going to balls, theatres, and public places of amusement,—why, it was a dream!

He turned to his father with a mischievous look.

"How would it be if I went in the place of M. de la Saudrais? It would be far less dangerous for me than for him, for who would ever suspect a student on a holiday?"

His father threw a glance at his clever young son, not unmixed with admiration. Maxime's arguments, and his cheerful coolness, did much to allay his own fears.

"I believe you are right," he answered.

They now began to discuss the matter in a friendly spirit, the irritation on the part of the elder man having passed.

Armand agreed with the proposal. He saw no reason why his young friend should not take the post.

He handed over to him the three letters entrusted by Larivière, and a purse full of gold pieces. He gave him moreover, the list of commissions. It was a long one.

Maxime was to buy powder and flint for the guns; red quinine in the wood, useful against chills and other ailments. There was tobacco wanted, and a telescope; clothing was also required, two pairs of velveteen trousers, and a dozen good cotton stockings. Moreover there was Jenny's list, which as a good husband he did not forget—the dimity, the muslin, and the calico.

“Here also,” he continued, “are the books I want.”

“I will specially send them to you.”

“Do not forget the new work of my cousin René, *Relations de Chateaubriand ou voyage en Egypte et en Grèce*. I particularly wish for it.”

“As soon as it comes out I will buy it,” answered Maxime.

“And the Journals, do not forget them,” added Armand.

M. de Boisé-Lucas here interposed and undertook to procure them himself. He knew of a very good librarian at St. Malo named Rottier, who had formerly served as a captain with the Nantaise Company at Quiberon, and had been much commended for his humanitarian conduct. He would

arrange with him to procure all the newspapers required.

There was yet another important point to discuss. To whom should the mission to Brest be entrusted?

“To Vaurouault,” said Bois  -Lucas. “He is an old naval officer, so will be specially competent for the work; he is at present staying at Planco  t. We must send and fetch him at once.”

Maxime volunteered to do so, and soon returned accompanied by Vaurouault, who willingly undertook the proposed mission.

Chateaubriand now had to institute a new service for the Correspondance for landing on the sands of St. Cast, and two trusty sailors were brought to confer with him on the subject, and finally kind old M. de Bois  -Lucas set off to St. Malo to see the Demoiselles Desmottes and to bring back news of little Jenny.

In return for all this help so nobly offered, Armand undertook not to leave his room except in the middle of the night, when he had to go down to the shore on the look out for his ship, which was shortly due to arrive. When they had all gone their different ways the following day he was not sorry to be at last alone. He spent the afternoon in writing out his first report on the political state of France, and the number of forces in Brittany and in the Port

of St. Malo, much of which information he had acquired from his host, and from M. Vaurouault. Then he lay down peacefully once more on his narrow bed to take a short sleep before the work of the night, and with thoughts of his darling wife and his little Fédo, a ray of hope entered his heart and he slept as peacefully as a child.

CHAPTER XIII

THE YOUNG CONSPIRATOR

HAVING lost no time over their preparations, Vauro-uault started for Brest, and Maxime, proud as Artaban, King of Parthia, as the French proverb says, and proud as any young man entrusted with important work should feel, mounted his horse in the early morning and rode to Plancoët. He was a second Don Quixote in his own estimation.

When he reached the town he repaired to the old house where resided his aunt, Mlle de Natillais. He tied up his horse as was the fashion, and coming in, related to her behind closed doors all the events of the last few days and the astounding fact that he, Maxime, under the name *Louweteau*,¹ was on his way to Paris; that he was now a real conspirator going to fight the Emperor with such forces as were at his command, in favour of their legitimate King. Filled with enthusiasm, Mlle de Natillais clasped her nephew in her arms and insisted on his staying with her for the whole of the next day. She loaded him with

¹ A wolf cub.

tender care and much advice, and prepared all her most succulent dishes for him, and feasted the hero as he deserved.

At daybreak, *Louvetean*, as he was proud to call himself, parted from his fond aunt who, as she embraced him, slipped two golden louis into his hand. She stood on the doorstep gazing after her handsome nephew filled with pride, not however untouched by fear, and remained there till the last sound of his horse's hoofs on the cobblestones had died away.

When Maxime reached Rennes that afternoon he found the whole town in commotion. It was the very day on which the Comte Gouyon-Vaucouleurs, who was his cousin, had been shot, in company with the other Chouans compromised by Prigent, on the Champs-de-Mars to the sound of music and the shouts of the populace. The young man was greatly shocked at this news, and next morning wrote a full account of the execution to his father, but all the same he went to witness a review on the very ground that afternoon. The feelings of youth are often evanescent.

That same evening he left for Paris, and on his arrival there took up his abode at the Hôtel de Tours, Rue des Vieux-Augustins. He began his conspirator's work by carrying the three letters from Henri Larivière to their destination.

He went first to Monsieur Laya, who was a professor at the Lycée Charlemagne.

M. Laya was a pedant. He had been so shaken by the violence of the Revolution that he was thankful to find himself in a safe haven. He had no intention of breasting the storm again, and put Maxime off with a learned Virgilian discourse.

For the future he had but one desire, to devote the rest of his days to the study of literature and to promoting the happiness of his young wife to whom he had been married only two years. In short, he flatly declined to enter into the arena of politics any more.

In rather humorous language, *Louvetean* related in a letter to *Terrier* the result of this visit and compared Laya to a dove that had escaped from the talons of a vulture, and was still trembling in the bottom of his soft nest at the remembrance of the peril he had gone through. Maxime's next visit was to the Abbé Sicard, who was known as the apostle of the deaf and dumb, to whose welfare he devoted himself. He was a very popular man in good society.

He received the messenger with warmth, and agreed to correspond under the soubriquet of *Bécasseau*.¹ Caille also received Maxime very cordially, and though he declared there was really

¹ Young woodcock.

nothing to be done which could further the cause of the Bourbons, he consented, to please his friend Larivière to enter into the Correspondance.

“But” added he, “I intend that my share of it will be only verbal, for the eye of the police is so piercing, that one can join it in no other way without compromising oneself.”

With this half-hearted consent Maxime had to be content, and having accomplished this first part of his mission he now prepared to execute the rest of it with the utmost conscientiousness, for it offered a very great number of attractions.

The only real business he had to perform was writing long letters daily to *Terrier*, relating all that he saw and heard.

On the 6th of October he went to see the embellishments of Paris, which Bonaparte had been said to have made, and he proceeded to write down his first impressions.

“They are working,” he wrote, “at a fine new bridge which begins at the Place des Invalides, and will be carried across the river to the opposite shore ; they are also building a new gallery to the north side of the Tuileries, parallel to that on the quay of the Seine, and by this means they connect the Louvre and the Tuileries, thus forming one of the handsomest palaces in Europe.

“An Arch of Triumph has been erected to the

honour of the Emperor in the middle of the Place du Carrousel, mounted upon marble columns, and on the cupola of which will be placed a triumphal car. This monument is especially intended to commemorate his victories. A tall column in the Place Vendôme is nearly finished, and will be crowned with a bust of Bonaparte.”¹

Maxime's views on the state of mind of the Parisians generally and the trend of their thoughts, are recorded with great spirit and with all the clearness of first impressions.

“Since my arrival in the capital I have done nothing but run about the cafés and restaurants, the shows and the smoking divans. I have also mingled with the groups that gather in great numbers near the Tuileries, so as to obtain accurate information as to what the people really think and talk about. It is only among these groups that one can decipher a little of what are the real ideas of the populace, and what are their hopes and desires, and their outlook on affairs generally.

“It strikes me that these little parties of people who stand about the Place or the Gardens are encouraged to do so by the Government, for they also

¹ A figure of the *Petit Caporal* in his redingote and three-cornered hat was placed on the Vendôme column. This was thrown into the Seine in 1812 at the downfall of the Empire.

Leaden tokens of this figure, which were sold to the populace as souvenirs for a few sous, are still to be found sometimes in France.

want to know the state of the public mind, and they try to work them up in enthusiasm for the Emperor.

“In each of these groups one finds an orator of crafty physiognomy, who is an undoubted spy, and who keeps up the conversation with every possible encouragement. He holds forth on the events of the day, and all the advantages that will accrue to the country. Wise folk who mingle in the crowd to listen to these discussions hold their tongues, but those who fear nothing because they have nothing to lose, speak out their thoughts.

“However on the whole people are most discreet, for the Parisian eats, drinks, gambles, and goes to the play in silence, and with a wholesome dread of having a spy at his heels.

“On Sundays the common people go out walking or to some show, or they sit in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal drinking beer, and watching the humours of the crowd, and the trifling amusements within their reach.

“The Vaults, a place of recreation you probably do not know of, are nothing more nor less than the cellars of the Duc d’Orleans. These subterraneous apartments are ornamented with mirrors, and lighted by lamps. Here musicians of doubtful quality and women of loose reputations congregate and draw large crowds, so there are always folk eating and drinking and looking on.

“The Vaults are run on cheap lines and are very popular.”

Maxime, who was a clever youth and had gone through his law studies at Rennes, was not a bad judge of all these things, and he made a regular study of the psychology of the people of Paris in 1808, and compared them to the frogs in *Æsop's Fables* who wanted a king to reign over them, and in one letter remarks :—

“One really would imagine having fallen into the midst of Lacedemonia instead of being in the heart of Paris, so Spartan are the laws. Rather perhaps, as was the case with the people of Sparta, every one is willing to be governed, and they accept in silence and really seem to prefer, the present state of affairs. They are cowed and resigned, and without a murmur acquiesce in the inevitable.”

Maxime had also plenty to say about society.

“You will no longer find in Paris that brilliant frivolity that made her notorious in bygone days, nor that intense love of pleasure which used to exist. People then gave themselves up to careers strewn with delights. I do not mean to infer that their tastes are no longer the same, but they have not now the means of gratifying them. Some are ruined, others have lost relatives or children. Then others again, having allowed themselves to receive favours under the present Government, are troubled in their

consciences, and do not think they merit such rewards, nor indeed are they certain that they may not be one day deprived of them.

“Consequently there are as many different opinions as there are means of livelihood, and all this causes much discord in social circles.

“There are still however, public meeting-places where it is not necessary to air one’s views. The theatres and parks are frequented by gay crowds, and people congregate, some to forget their sorrows, others to find temporary amusement.”

On the important subject of Napoleon’s attitude towards the State, Maxime writes very clearly. The narrow uniformity of the Emperor prevented there being two parties ; indeed there was hardly a Senate.

In reality there was nothing but the Emperor. No one dared raise his voice even if he were a senator. Only one brave Breton named Laquinais had the hardihood to say one day, in the course of a speech, “the Romans despised the Corsicans so utterly, they would not even make slaves of them !”

This bold language could hardly be expected to pass unnoticed, and the rumour was soon spread abroad that the Emperor had caused him to be arrested with six other senators, they all having been opposed to an additional levy of 80,000 conscripts.

On the question of the unfortunate Spanish affairs, Maxime gathered that the general opinion was, it

was considered a gross usurpation against the allied Sovereigns, and it was probable that kingdom would be finally subjugated, at the price of the best blood of the youth of France.

England was not beloved, and the fact that the war had been prolonged was laid to her fault.

“Who are the Generals who are most opposed to Bonaparte?” had been one of the questions.

“None,” was the reply of Maxime. On the other important question, “Have the French Princes many partisans, and what chances are there of Louis xviii. ultimately reaching Paris?” he writes very fully. “The mass of the people have entirely forgotten the Princes. They fell into such discredit that even if the throne became vacant, I do not think it would enter anybody’s head that they ought to be asked to occupy it. The Press has never even alluded to the reception accorded to Louis xviii. in England; and the country at large is mainly ignorant of the fact that he is living there.”

In one of his last letters Maxime gives a moving account of the implacable severity of Bonaparte:—

“A young soldier having written to his mother about the manner in which their troops had been harassed in Spain giving them no rest, she had the imprudence to read the letter to some persons who she thought were her friends. She was at once denounced to the authorities, and information was sent

to the young man's colonel. He was shot at the head of his corps, without even a drumhead court-martial; the only favour granted to him was permission to write his farewell to his mother.

"He told her that her imprudence had caused his death, and that when she read these words he would be no more.

"The unhappy mother is still living at Redon. This story shows how much the Government dreaded any details of affairs in Spain should transpire."

Meanwhile, as Maxime continued to perambulate through the streets of Paris, this marvellous, new, Imperial Paris, as he studied the mind of the light-hearted populace, as he penetrated into the secrets of the redoubtable power of Napoleon, and the unrealizable chimeras held by the last Chouans of Jersey and London, a curious evolution was taking place in his mind.

He dwelt on his melancholy childhood spent in the manor-house in the depths of the country. The small pleasures and petty interests of the provincial town of Plancoët provoked a smile. The town of Rennes itself seemed morose and gloomy after this joyous Paris, which having lain lethargic of late, shaken to its core by the horrors of the Revolution, was now awakening to radiant and fresh youth and beauty.

His letters took on another tone and became a

reflection of his own thoughts. He no longer made jokes on M. Laya, comparing him to a timid dove. He too, was beginning to be afraid of the redoubtable Eagle.

"If by chance one of my letters should become unsealed," he wrote to *Terrier*, "we should be all lost!" At the end of the month he was once more on his road to Rennes, and there he halted, and in a letter to Chateaubriand explained himself very fully.

"I quite realize," he wrote, "that the information I have been able to acquire may be most useful in England, but all the same there is a limit to what a man should do, and I feel a decided check even in my desire to oblige you. I experience a great delicacy in this matter, and am by no means inclined to aid an enemy's Government. If we hate those over us at the present moment, we must not forget that they are mostly French, and it is difficult to join hatred for one's fellow-citizens with the feelings of an honest man."

Having made this declaration of his principles, he further declared that he had an ambition greater than that of being useful to a few unfortunate victims, and he intended to solicit the Imperial Government to grant him a place.

After sending off this letter, or rather declaration of war, which fell as a bombshell at Bois  -Lucas, Maxime took the diligence to Planco  t, but such

was the feverish and excited state of his mind he did not even remember to stop on the way and call on his aunt, Mlle de la Natillais, although she would have doubtless killed the fatted calf for him. He never thought either of riding past the windows of that other house in Plancoët, at which he might have caught a glimpse of those large dreamy eyes that would have surely looked out at the well-known sound of his horse's hoofs on the cobblestones of the little town.

All, all was forgotten in this new vista opening before him. In imagination he saw himself already a future Auditor of the Council of State.

The new Government had enthralled him, and his past was rapidly drifting away into oblivion. Gone was his former fascination for the aristocrats and their King, gone the romance that filled his heart in the days of his boyhood, before the glitter and ambitions of the great city in which he had been caught like a bird in a snare. Gone too his love, which had paled before the meretricious charms that had allured him. Poor *Louveteau*! The rising sap of this new France had mounted to his brain, and yet how very far in reality was the cup from his lips. How far was the intoxication of the dream from the real awakening which would come to him.

He returned to his home at Boisé-Lucas, but

absolutely refused to see the outlaw still in hiding in the garret, and remaining only a few hours with his parents, he collected all his law books and set off again to Rennes.

The courts were about to be opened and he had to resume his studies, so that he might without loss of time arrive at the golden dream he had formed in his mind of returning to Paris, and making his way in that brilliant world.

CHAPTER XIV

IN HIDING AT BOISÉ-LUCAS

WHILE *Louveteau* was conspiring in Paris, what was happening at Boisé-Lucas?

On the 1st of October, just before the departure of his son, M. de Boisé-Lucas had repaired early in the morning to St. Malo. He reached it by nightfall and put up at the Auberge de la Pie, a quiet hostelry with which he was acquainted.

He woke early before the town was astir, and set out slipping down side streets to avoid observation as much as possible, and arrived at the house in the Petit-Placître where the Mlles de Chateaubriand lived. In a few words he told them of the arrival of their brother Armand, and the ladies sent over at once to the Demoiselles Desmottes to fetch little Jenny. M. de Boisé-Lucas caressed and admired the little girl with fatherly kindness, and especially praised a specimen of her handwriting, which he carried away with him to show to Armand. It was very good indeed, and had gained for the child a first place in her class at school.

Having once found his way to the sisters' house, M. de Boisé-Lucas went there more than once; this however became known, and later on caused them to come under police supervision, so dangerous was it in those days to show any interest in the relations of those under the ban of the Government.

He also visited the library of M. Rottier, who promised to procure all the necessary gazettes.

Meanwhile poor Armand was eating his heart out in his garret chamber. He thought it better to remain where he was, as he was able to receive in safety the reports from Maxime. Twice at night as agreed, he had gone on the dates fixed upon with M. Montan, and spent some hours hiding among the rocks watching for his ship. But there was no sign of it.

The rest of the time, faithful to his promise, he remained secluded in the little closet assigned to him at Boisé-Lucas. At first he took it cheerfully enough. Were not the owners of the house, as well as Maxime and M. Vaurouault, working with devotion for the success of the adventurous mission? Was not each letter from *Louveteau* another stone in the edifice he was building? for his boyish friend was furthering the cause with fervour. And moreover, to soothe his solitude, had he not books, the best of unguents for his wounded spirit? *Louveteau* had been very good in sending these

last expeditiously to him,—and so the hours went by in the little chamber.

Maxime wrote often about the publications he was sending, the prices of the volumes, which varied from four to seven francs each. He managed to get all the books that Armand had written down, and said they were the newest and the most sought after in Paris. He sent all but the last new work of René de Chateaubriand, and that had not yet appeared.

When tired of his books, Armand took it into his head to write, and composed some joyous sonnets on love and beauty, wine and youth. His mind was so calm, his courage so profound, that, pen in hand he forgot his sorrows and poured out his soul in song.¹

But when Armand received the letters from Vaurouault from Brest, and from Maxime with the news of Paris, he began to find that literature ceased to enthral him, and his prison walls closed round him with terrible monotony, all the more that his host left him severely alone. The stern work of his life claimed him once more, and filled his mind to the exclusion of everything else.

So cleverly had M. de Boisé-Lucas arranged to conceal Armand's residence in the house, that all through those days Jacqueline, the servant maid,

¹ Appendix VI.

was unaware of his presence, and when later she was accused of having had three interviews with the outlaw, she could truthfully affirm that she had not even known he was in the house.

But a great uneasiness crept over him at the changing tone of Maxime's letters, and when the young man returned home and utterly refused to see Armand, his sensitive nature received a terrible shock. His delicacy of feeling showed him clearly how impossible it was to remain any longer under that roof. He did not blame Maxime. It was perhaps natural.

But the fate that had overtaken Gouyon-Vaucouleurs and Prigent haunted him ceaselessly. Had not they implicated so many kind-hearted and innocent persons? If he remained, was he not liable to bring down the same fate on the heads of his best friends? He was determined to take every possible step to relieve them of his presence; but to leave openly and without due precautions, would only enhance their peril.

That same evening, with his valise under his arm, he started out to see if he could make good his escape or find a lodging elsewhere.

He made his way by unfrequented ways among the brushwood, and mainly the resort of vipers, towards the sea. He took shelter in the old dovecot of the monks of St. Jacut, and from

the tiny dormer window scrutinized the horizon in the fading light. Vain search! Nothing came in sight.

When his legs were cramped in the small space, and his eyes were smarting from the salt air of the sea, he would sit down on his valise at the open door of this strange hiding-place, exposed to the tempestuous wind which drove him with force against the wall behind him.

At daybreak, when the last star was fading in the heavens, there was nothing for it but, pistol in hand, to steal back for yet another day to Boisé-Lucas, hoping against hope that the next evening might bring him some relief, and he spent the day writing his reports with the brevity of a sea log, mainly about the state of the atmosphere. Then he would try and obtain sleep, which at least brought him visions of Jenny and the boy, and prepared him for the possible fatigues of the coming night. Meanwhile, in spite of all the precautions that had been taken, the news had got abroad that Chateaubriand was in the country.

The superintendent of the Customs at Guildo, Martinet by name, took to prowling round the manor-house. "Chateaubriand is in France," he said, "and he may very likely be here."

M. de Boisé-Lucas heard of this. He knew that Martinet was a well-disposed man, but that did not

make the peril any the less. As to Armand, he had lost all hope of ever seeing his vessel again ; therefore it behoved him at all risks to find a boat the owner of which would take him back to Jersey.

On the 28th of October he went to find a friend he knew in the country whose name has not transpired. This man, having a sum of money placed at his disposal, was able to make terms with a sailor at St. Cast who was in partnership with several other fishermen, and they owned together a good-sized sailing boat.

Because of the moon, they put off the departure to the 8th of the following month. This was the first discomfiture, when every hour was of vital importance.

The day following that on which the arrangement had been made, the sailor fell ill and took to his bed. Would he have recovered by the 8th?

He declared he would, but soon after sent word to Armand that the owners of the boat who were not in the secret and knew nothing of the arrangement, had just settled to have a large fishing party on the 8th, as the moon would serve well for that day.

This was another check and a very serious one. There were still several days to wait, and as he could take no other steps for his escape, Armand determined to put into practice an idea he had formed.

On the evening of the 6th, about 9 o'clock, he left his hiding-place wrapped in a long brown cloak, and set out across the fields in the darkness.

For days past the memory of all those dear ones he had loved and lost had been haunting his mind, crowding out all other thoughts, and an irresistible longing had arisen in his heart to see once more the beloved Château of du Val.

It may have been rash, it probably was, but he threw prudence for once to the winds and set off with the intention of doing so, *coûte que coûte*.

Even by the faint glimmer of the starlight he could recognize all the haunts of his boyhood. The little wood had not changed, only the trees silhouetted against the sky looked larger, and the brushwood thicker than of yore.

He lost and found his way through the little paths where he had walked so often with his mother and sisters, while the dead leaves rustled under his feet. The wind moaned among the branches with that plaintive sound, so common on autumn nights on the coast of Brittany. Armand's heart was full, the tears welled to his eyes, and the strong man ready to face any danger in the present, wept over the memory of the past. All at once he heard footsteps. Formerly he would have thrown himself down, lying flat in the nearest ditch till the danger was passed,

but now all fear had left him. Perhaps it was the courage of despair, or the innate knowledge that his work was drawing to a close.

He simply stood still close to a tree trunk to escape observation. The steps came nearer. Thanks to his power of seeing through the darkness, with the clear vision of a true sailor he soon perceived who the intruder was. He recognized a man named Jean Chauvel who kept an inn at St. Cast, and who went by the nickname of Gravelle; his brother had been one of Armand's former comrades when out fishing.

"Chauvel! Jean Chauvel!" he cried, stepping out from the shadow of the tree.

"Monsieur Armand! Good God, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I."

Armand embraced his humble friend with joy, and for a moment their tears mingled.

"I am just returning from the Guildo," murmured Chauvel, more for the sake of something to say, he was so moved at the sad plight of the Comte de Chateaubriand.

The sight of this man whom he knew to be his well-wisher, and who had crossed his path so unexpectedly in this hour of his extreme need, suddenly broke down Armand's usual reserve.

"Oh, my friend, save me," he cried, "out of pity for my wife and children." His voice

was broken by anguish, and he was trembling from head to foot as he recounted his adverse circumstances.

"Monsieur Armand," replied Chauvel, "I think I see my way to saving you. Look here. You remember Treguy? Some millers have commissioned him to go to St. Malo and buy a boat for them from a man named Abraham. I will come to an understanding with Treguy, and by advancing him the money for the purchase he can take possession of it for our purpose."

"I put myself in your hands and trust you implicitly," answered Armand simply, and they parted making arrangements for their next meeting. He continued his pilgrimage feeling that his visit to Du Val, and his walk through the wood, had been absolutely providential. The following morning Chauvel, accompanied by a man named Luc Pierre started for St. Malo. He was not long about the business for he returned the same evening, having purchased Abraham's boat and landed near St. Jacut.

Luc Pierre was a fine sailor, which was the reason Chauvel had taken him with him, and his services would be needed to take M. de Chateaubriand to Jersey.

Unfortunately, to hearten himself up for the voyage Luc Pierre had been drinking on and off

all day, and even the row from St. Malo to St. Jacut had failed to sober him.

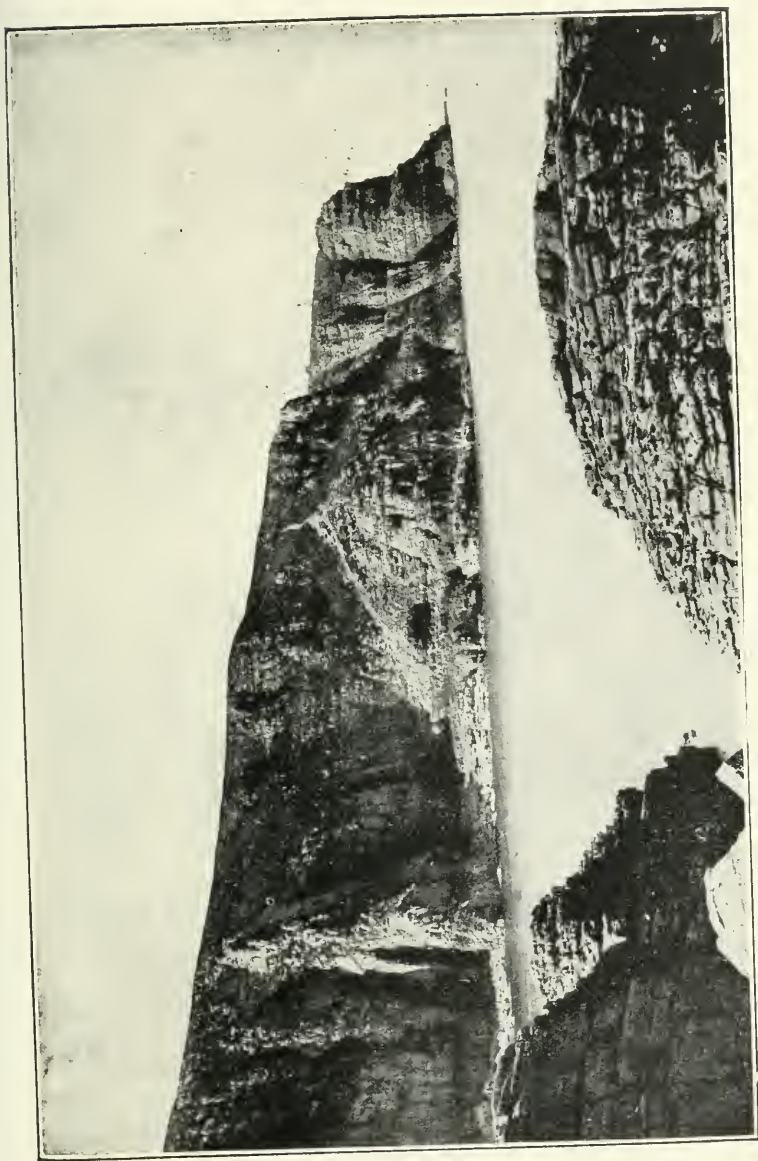
When therefore they had drawn the boat up on the sandy creek, Luc Pierre reeled off regardless of the entreaties and commands of Chauvel.

Left to himself the latter secured the boat and went home to get his supper, and at eight in the evening returned to the spot, pushed the boat out, and taking the oars, rowed along hugging the shore till such time as he could safely cross to the other side of the estuary, and pull up under the woods of Du Val.

Chateaubriand was awaiting him among the rocks, this being the meeting-place agreed upon; and he threw a handful of pebbles into the sea as the signal that he was ready. In a few moments, when he heard the noise of the boat being beached, he went down with his valise under his arm and stepped into it, and taking one of the oars without a word he began to row.

It was a dead calm.

Till two in the morning they rowed without intermission. Then a slight breeze got up from the east, and they hoisted the sail. By this time the two fugitives were north-east of Cape Fréhel. By eleven next morning they were half-way to Jersey. Armand's heart must have beat high with hope. He had been enabled to rid his kind



CAPE FRÉHEL.

friend M. de Boisé-Lucas of his unwelcome presence, and home and liberty lay before his longing eyes.

But now the wind had shifted round to the north-east, and a heavy swell came on. Although dreadfully fatigued the two men managed to keep on at their arduous work, and they got as far as the Minquiers Islands. It was then midday. The swell had changed to a tempest. The waves swept over and into their bark, and to add to their difficulties it was now a falling tide. Impossible under these conditions to reach the coast of Jersey. All at once a huge wave overwhelmed the frail skiff, and they were swamped with water which poured in quicker than they could bail it out.

There remained only one chance of safety, and that was to run before the storm and regain the shores of France.

By eight that evening they found themselves safe from the violence of the sea, but once more in the little bay of Calot, near St. Cast.

And indeed it was time that they had reached that haven, for they were soaked to the skin and utterly exhausted, especially Chateaubriand who was worn out by excessive sea-sickness (a strange complaint for this ardent lover of the waves), and for six hours he had been emptying the boat with his shoe. His papers were wet, his arms also, and

therefore quite useless in case he required to defend himself. Happily the storm had driven the excise men indoors, so they landed without trouble. Once safe on land Armand de Chateaubriand held out his hand to his companion; his face was pale and bore traces of ineffable sadness.

"Chauvel my friend" he said, "I thank you. You have shown extraordinary courage and presence of mind."

"Always at your service Monsieur Armand."

"Is that so? Can I really always count on you?"

"I am ready to risk my life for you once more, or give up my country if thereby I can save you."

"Would you start again to-morrow?"

"We must see first how things will turn out before I hastily answer that question. Anyway, we will meet here again to-morrow evening at nine o'clock."

With another firm clasp of each other's hands they parted, and Armand sadly discouraged, took the road that led to Boisé-Lucas.

At the manor-house, the master of it had busied himself as soon as Armand had fairly left, in obliterating all traces of his stay in the attic room. No one could possibly guess that it had lately held a visitor, and to still further remove all suspicion,

M. de Boisé-Lucas went out to call on one of his farmers, and had a long friendly talk with him.

This would prove his tranquillity of mind ; indeed it was returning, at last he could breathe in peace. Vain hopes ! For at ten that night *Terrier* was once more tapping at the window, streaming with water as before.

There was nothing for it but to take him in. Hidden in the attic he was less of a danger, as de Boisé-Lucas rightly judged, than wandering homeless about the shore or the woods. Besides the kind heart took pity on the misery of his friend.

But now the custom-house officers had somehow got wind of the affair, perhaps through the drunken Luc Pierre, and they went at once to look for Chauvel. He, scenting trouble, was absent, having left word at his house that he had to go away on business. Armand was warned by M. de Boisé-Lucas of the new search being made for him, and he did not dare stir from his hiding-place. For three long weeks he remained in the attic chamber.

At last one night he could bear it no longer and determined at all risks to go out once more.

It was late, eleven o'clock, when Chauvel heard a noise of scratching on his door sill as if some one was scraping with a knife.

"It must be Monsieur Armand," he said to him-

self, and he cautiously opened the door. He saw Armand standing before him.

“Can I count on you?” asked Chateaubriand.

Chauvel replied in the affirmative, and drew him within so that they might discuss matters. An immediate departure was impossible, the boat had suffered considerably and was now under repair, and, above all it was imperative to wait for the first fine day. But alas! when the first fine day came, Armand was destined to meet Chauvel truly, but this time before a military commission.

CHAPTER XV

THE TREACHERY OF THE SEA

IN Jersey they were becoming very anxious as to the fate of Chateaubriand. At intervals his vessel, commanded by Jean Quintal, had cruised about off the coast of France in the direction of St. Cast, but all their signals had received no response.

In December Quintal determined to make another attempt. He came over in a cutter manned by six sailors and accompanied by a pinnace.

When he reached the island of Chausey he anchored, but the pinnace continued on her way.

The two vessels had been signalled as suspects by Quiperou, sub-lieutenant of the brigade of St. Cast, and therefore a special watch had been organized for that very night, and the subterfuge on the part of Quintal of stopping at Chausey was of no avail.

A party of custom officers lay in ambush among the rocks off the island of Bernard, and in the dusk of the evening they saw the pinnace coming along alone. The men came down and crawled along the

shore under the shadow of the cliffs till they reached the edge of the water.

The pinnacle, which had been vainly looking for anchorage, suddenly turned towards the shore.

"Halt! in the name of the Law!" cried the officer of the detachment, rising from his place of concealment.

But the pinnacle did not obey the command.

The custom-house men fired, and one of them wading into the water up to his waist, seized a rope hanging over the side of the pinnacle and forced the vessel to run aground. Then the men of the patrol jumped on board and disarmed the crew.

"We are all Jersey men," cried Quintal. "We went out from our island to shoot at Chausey and the surrounding islets, and came on here."

But the excise officers remained incredulous, and without heeding the remonstrances of Quintal and his companions put them in irons, and led them up to the barracks, where they at once began to hold a first interrogatory.

Quintal declared that his name was Jean le Clerc, and that he was the owner of the pinnacle. He was searched, his papers were secured, and he and his sailors were at once dispatched to St. Malo to be interviewed by the Commissary-General of Police.

The news of this capture was soon spread abroad in St. Cast, and it was whispered about that the

vessel had evidently come to fetch away Chateaubriand.

Jean Chauvel, devoted as ever to Armand, passed a sleepless night racking his brain to think of some plan of escape. The Saturday before Twelfth Night, as he was serving out drinks to his customers at his inn, one named Mathurin Depagne came in to buy some tobacco. Here was the very man he wanted.

"I am delighted to see you" he whispered in his ear. "If you had not come in I intended to go and look for you."

"What for?"

"Do you want to earn a large sum of money?"

"That remains to be seen."

"Then follow me, and we will discuss the matter."

He led Depagne into his back parlour and began the conversation in earnest.

"It is a case of taking some one over to Jersey."

"Who?"

"An honest man ; there is nothing to fear."

"You know well I am not rich, so I accept ; but I warn you I am not equal to taking a boat to Jersey."

"You know how to row?"

"Naturally."

"Very well then, that is all that is required of you, for he whom I speak of is a first-rate sailor."

"How much do you offer for making the attempt?"

"One hundred écus for the crossing, and an écu a day for your expenses at Jersey and till you return. You will be brought safely back."

"I do not stir for less than four hundred écus."

"All right, I think I can promise that. Next Friday the 6th will be Twelfth Night; that day you must come at dusk in the quarter where they engrave on metal at St. Cast. There in the street you will see a man dressed in a cloth jacket and leathern breeches, with a high-crowned hat. That is the individual who claims your services."

On Sunday, 1st January, Depagne returned to see Chauvel again, and he renewed his instructions. The following morning Chauvel was arrested.

After various little encounters he had had with the coastguard, a warrant had been issued against him, and from the inquiry that ensued they gathered that he had taken Chateaubriand to Jersey.

Fortunately, at daybreak of that same day, Depagne had gone to stay at the lighthouse of Ebihens with the keeper, Marc Rouxel, who was a friend of his, and he remained there till the Wednesday, so that he was unaware of the arrest of Chauvel.

On his return to St. Cast he was told that M. de

Boisé-Lucas wished to speak to him, and he at once proceeded to the manor-house.

“Are you still of the same mind as you were? Will you hold to the promise you made to Chauvel?” was the question asked of the sailor when he was shown into M. de Boisé-Lucas’ presence.

“I much fear some harm will come of it.”

“There is nothing to fear; it is only a six hours’ crossing, and you will be brought back without delay. The man you are to take over will be waiting at Ville Morne, the village near St. Cast. He will be lodging with Rouillé, the inspector of Customs. Go to-morrow to make sure that the boat is there all right. It is painted red in the inside, and is called ‘The Useless.’”

Depagne promised, and then went home to bed.

But next day his courage again failed him and he did not go to look at the boat.

To kill time he repaired to the house of Cadot, a former inspector of Customs, who had set up business as a merchant of cider. In the evening he went to M. de Boisé-Lucas and said that the boat was still there, although he had been too afraid to venture into its neighbourhood in case his movements were watched.

On Friday, January 6th, he rose early, and told his mother he was obliged to absent himself for

about a week. He had a job at Ploubalay to thatch a house.

Instead of going off direct to Ploubalay, he made the round of his friends it being a fête day. He lingered some time with Amateur Becquet, the shoemaker at St. Jacut, then he went on to Jacques Avelot, a gendarme who had lately married a girl of the country, where he stayed till two o'clock drinking mugs of cider.

At last he departed to Ville Morne, which he did not reach till evening, and going to the spot named he was led into the presence of a man dressed as described.

"So it is you is it," said Chateaubriand, shaking hands with him, "who are willing to accompany me to Jersey?" Then without further speech he picked up his little valise, and together they walked down to the harbour.

"Here is our boat," said Armand, walking up to it.

"But there are no oars or sails or anything in it," objected Depagne, peering down into the recesses of the boat.

"We will put in all we require," said Armand, coolly. Various other little vessels were anchored by the jetty, and from each one he chose out what was necessary for their purpose, saying to Depagne, "I have left money with M. de Boisé-Lucas with

instructions to refund to every one what is owing for the things I have taken."

In a hand's turn all was ready. There was a good breeze, and the sail swelled. Chateaubriand took the helm, and the frail bark quickly put out to sea. Soon however, the waves of that treacherous channel began to get up. For three hours the little boat battled bravely against the rising tempest, then an enormous wave swept over them and carried away their compass.

At two in the morning Armand thought they were in the neighbourhood of the Minquiers, but it was pitch black, and the sea very rough. Thinking it best to wait for daylight they cast anchor.

Then he stretched himself side by side with Depagne at the bottom of the boat, trying to sleep in spite of the icy blast that blew over them. Cold and fatigue at last benumbed them. When the day broke, he looked out anxiously for the rocks of Minquiers, but what he had taken for their jagged outline against the fleeting clouds in the darkness of the night, proved to be an illusion. There was not a single rock within sight.

Where were they? In which direction should they steer? Armand hoisted the sail, and the boat took on her mad course into the unknown, racing at the mercy of the winds and waves through the wide waste of waters.

At noon a group of rocks suddenly appeared above the waves. "Those are the Ecrehous!" cried Chateaubriand, stretching out his arms towards them. So they were on the right road at last, by the mercy of Providence.

But now the wind suddenly changed. Heavens! it was driving them straight back to the shores of France. What was to be done? Again they must cast anchor.

So they lowered the sail and made fast near the rocks, but all that day the wind remained in the same adverse direction. Darkness fell over them, and now another night of suffering was before them.

The day broke again, it was the 8th of January, but the wind would not change, and when evening came it was icy cold, and still blowing towards France. Death would be preferable to the torture they now endured.

The water gourd was empty, the last piece of bread was eaten, starvation stared them in the face.

"Depagne," said Chateaubriand, "let us lie down again and sleep as we did last night, but this time I think it will be the sleep of death."

Before closing his eyes, Armand cast one long look—would it be the last?—towards the direction of England. There on the distant horizon could be seen a green shadow. That was the beloved Jersey,

lighted up for a moment by the pale winter sun, that would sink in an instant into the cold depths of the sea.

"Adieu, Jenny. Adieu, my little Fédo," he murmured, and with an inaudible blessing on the heads of his beloved ones, he lay calmly down to what he believed would be his last earthly rest.

But when day broke again the poor shipwrecked sailors were still alive. Armand could no longer move his legs they were frozen. He made no complaint, but raised himself on his elbows.

"Depagne," he said, "the wind has lessened, the boat is driving less heavily ; from what quarter does it blow ?"

Depagne stumbled to his feet like a drunken man, and leant upon the gunwale.

"I no longer see the Ecrehous," he cried, his voice was mad with terror.

Chateaubriand, like a wounded animal, sprang towards the anchor. But he only drew up a piece of rope.

What a fatality ! It was too true. In the night the boat had torn away from the ledge of rock to which their frail grappling-iron had been attached, and they had been drifting at the mercy of the winds and currents.

"Hoist the sail," murmured Chateaubriand ; but despair was now filling his heart. The bark answered

to the helm, and they flew before the wind. Whither was she wending? There before them lay a long low line of coast. Good God, it was France!

Chateaubriand lifted his valise which had been under his head as a pillow. From it he took his papers, and Maxime's reports and letters, those of Vaurouault, and the list of commissions given him by Jenny with the muslin patterns pinned to them. He made a roll of these and wrapped them in an old piece of sailcloth, to which he fastened one of the stones that served as ballast.

A long strangled sob tore at his throat, as with a gesture of despair he flung the packet for which he had risked so much into the sea. The weight caused a depression in the swell which fell apart to receive the secrets which the Friend of the Waves confided to the keeping of the sea—that sea which he had loved so long, but which had failed him at the last.

Meanwhile the coast-line grew clearer and bigger.

“Depagne,” he said, “you will say that my name is John Fall Terrier, and that yours is Jean Brien.”

Then he closed his eyes and lay at the bottom of the boat as one dead. His body stiffened and to all appearances his sufferings were over.

The land was very near now; a steeple was visible, then the blue smoke from a chimney rose above the sandhills. On the shore a little crowd was assembling. They were watching the boat, seem-

ingly an empty derelict which the storm had driven into the bay.

But Depagne was still seated by the tiller, as they saw by and by, his hand clenched over it, his eyes fixed and staring. He could see all that was coming, with the strange acuteness of those in imminent danger. He saw very clearly the watchers towards whom he was drifting, and who were helpless to save him. A wave rose high, covered with foam; above it Depagne could see a priest making the sign of the cross in the air, doubtless commending his soul to God, then another wave thundered behind him, engulfed the boat, and drove it shattered to pieces on the shore.

It was nine in the morning, the clock in the church tower rang out the hour, the fisher folk surrounded the wrecked bark. From its broken sides the water poured; they lifted out the sailor and found yet another man lying among the wreckage, and then they carried them up to the lieutenant in charge of the Customs. It was at Bretteville-sur-Ay, near Coutances in Normandy, that they had been cast by the sea.

Chateaubriand was insensible, Depagne could just speak. He faltered out that his name was Jean Brien, and that of his comrade John Fall Terrier, and that they were both Jersey men. As soon as he had been somewhat restored, Depagne was sent to

report himself at St. Malo to M. Petit, the Commissary of Police there.

He stuck to his story bravely, and confirmed all that he had declared in the first instance: said that he had lived in Jersey for the past three months in the service of John Fall Terrier, who had been resident of the island during six years. Two days afterwards he was sent to the prison at Coutances while further inquiries were being made.

Humanity insists that we must succour the sick and dying, even when the law is calling out to inflict on them the punishment of death.

Thanks to the care bestowed on him, Chateaubriand came back to life, and as soon as he was judged well enough to move, he was sent like Depagne to the prison at Coutances. His legs were still quite helpless, and his sufferings had been terrible, but all the same in spite of his miserable physical state, he had been submitted to an interrogation and had been hauled before the Sous-Préfet. His deposition coincided entirely with that of the man called Brien, and owing to the state of collapse in which he was found, it was considered that he and his comrade could not possibly have combined in any scheme for their joint safety.

It seemed for a moment as if the poor Friend of the Waves had once more a chance of escape. But, alas! the sea, with the treachery of a Delilah was

about to become a pitiless accuser, and was going to throw at the feet of Bonaparte's police the proofs they required.

On the 11th of January, at six in the evening, two Custom-house men of the Huttinville brigade discovered on the shore a parcel washed up by the advancing waves. It was covered with an old piece of sailcloth, and tied with a cord. They carried it off, and next morning when they were at liberty they proceeded to open it and examine the contents.

It contained a bundle of papers which the sea-water had almost turned into a pulp.

They dried them with the utmost precaution before the fire, and then began to decipher them carefully.

"These might interest the Government," they said after they had perused them, and they carried them up to the Custom-house.

The inspector looked at them, and in his turn sent them to the Sous-Préfet of Valognes, who transmitted them to his Chief, the Préfet of La Manche, whose headquarters were at St. Lô in Normandy.

As these papers had been washed up on another part of the coast from where two shipwrecked sailors had been rescued and afterwards imprisoned, they were not for the moment identified as belonging to them. But the Préfet, M. Costaz, felt sure that in these discoloured papers, ravaged by the sea-water,

he held some plan of a conspiracy, and that it would not be a very difficult job to reconstruct it from the fragments before him. The name of Chateaubriand at once gave a clue to this sagacious functionary.

But how on earth had this packet been washed up on a sandbank north of Carteret? Perhaps Chateaubriand, who was known to be somewhere on the coast of Brittany, had been drowned in attempting to escape to England.

While pondering over these matters, he received the information that a small boat had been captured by the Customs officials at Bretteville. Two men in an exhausted condition had been found in it, and they were said to be natives of St. Cast.

As the country round St. Cast was the neighbourhood where Chateaubriand was generally engaged in his work of correspondence, here was a clue to follow.

M. Costaz at once sent a gendarme to Coutances with orders to bring the two sailors before him, and at the same time he wrote to Fouché, and informed him of the conjectures that had arisen in his mind.

Fouché, after reading his subordinate's report, wrote on the margin the following notes for M. Réal, one of the Chiefs of Police :—

“ 1. Doubtless M. Costaz has written for information as to whether the man Jean Brien, said to be a native of St. Cast, has really been employed in Jersey.

“2. Send the police description of Chateaubriand to M. Costaz, the printed one to be found at St. Malo, and report if there is any special characteristic in it which will serve to identify the pretended John Fall Terrier, which is the name of Prigent’s house of business in Jersey.

“3. It is necessary also to procure the exact particulars of the boat that was stolen from St. Jacut on the 5th or 6th, in which it is supposed that Chateaubriand embarked, and compare them with the fragments of the wreck.”

When the gendarme, who had been sent from the Préfecture to fetch the prisoners, arrived at Coutances he found Chateaubriand still in such a shattered condition that the Sous-Préfet would not take the responsibility of sending him even that short journey, and he told the gendarme he must wait for a little while.

M. Costaz, annoyed at the delay in carrying out his formal instructions, sent off another messenger, Mauduit Jarrier, sergeant of the Gendarmerie, with an order to find John Fall wherever he might be, and bring him whatever was the state of his health. Mauduit was an active, trustworthy man, but his sole idea in life was to obey orders.

When he reached the prison at Coutances, he found a wretched being deprived of the use of his limbs, and who was about to be carried to the hospital.

But instead of continuing the road to the hospital, Mauduit ordered them to take him to St. Lô.

As soon as they reached the town, M. Costaz apprised of their arrival at once determined to institute an inquiry. This official, who was a man of resource, and not above aiding himself by any cleverly contrived scheme, ordered his men to lure a man called Lelièvre who was acquainted with Chateaubriand, into the courtyard of the Préfecture, and detain him in a room the windows of which opened on to the entrance gate.

“Come quick,” said one of the gendarmes in the middle of their conversation, in a tone of curiosity, “and see this poor sick man they are bringing in.”

Lelièvre looked out, and, caught in the trap set for him, he changed colour and cried out: “Why, it is Chateaubriand! How did they capture him?”

Armand, ignorant of the stratagem whereby his identity had been discovered, still continued energetically attempting to defend himself.

M. Costaz allowed him to go on implicating himself, but when he became aware of the despair of Lelièvre, he had sufficient humanity to promise the latter not to reveal to the prisoner how he, Lelièvre, had involuntarily betrayed him.

After sending Chateaubriand back to his prison, M. Costaz, much pleased with his own success, wrote to headquarters as follows:—

"My conjectures have been verified. Chateaubriand is arrested. He it was who landed at Bretteville under the name of John Fall Terrier."

Now all was clear and the scheme laid bare, and there was nothing further to find out. On the 21st of January, M. Bernard de la Vieuxville the Mayor of St. Cast, arrived at Boisé-Lucas with a very downcast countenance. He was a great friend of M. de Boisé-Lucas, and his own child was at school with little Jenny at St. Malo with the Demoiselles Desmottes.

He was accompanied by a stranger, whom he introduced to the master of the house.

"Monsieur," he said, "this is the Commissary-General of Police from Morlaix."

M. de Boisé-Lucas understood at once that all was lost. He cast a glance into the courtyard and saw that eight gendarmes were guarding the entrance. One of them came up and put handcuffs on him. A carriage was waiting outside, into which he was requested to enter without loss of time. Chauvel, who had been arrested some time previously, was seated in it. M. de Boisé-Lucas got in without a word, and they drove off. The prison at Morlaix was their destination.

The game was up, the mission discovered, and all who were implicated in it fell into the hands of justice.

Vaurouault, who had got news of the arrest of

Chauvel had taken fright, and gone to St. Malo, where he was made prisoner at a tavern in the Rue des Juifs where he was in hiding.

As soon as Maxime heard at Rennes of the arrest of his father he started off at once to Morlaix, but on the 27th he too was seized, and all his papers, among them the love-letters, were taken by the police and sent up to Paris.

The prisoners at Morlaix were sent to St. Malo for a further inquiry.

These examinations were prolonged till March, and at the end of them six persons stood accused and found guilty of aiding and abetting a conspiracy.

These were—the de Boisé-Lucas, father and son, Vaurouault, Chauvel, Quintal (the captain of the Jersey vessel), and Depagne.

They were finally dispatched from St. Malo to Rennes, and the following morning were sent on to Paris in charge of a troop of gendarmes. Three carriages formed the melancholy procession, and the mounted men were relieved at all the posts on the road.

On reaching Paris they were incarcerated in the Prison de l'Abbaye.

CHAPTER XVI

THE INTRIGUES OF FOUCHÉ AND TALLEYRAND

DURING the last few weeks that Chateaubriand's friends and helpers were undergoing examinations previous to their being sent to the capital, they were ignorant altogether of his fate. He had been secretly conveyed from St. Lô to Paris, and placed in the prison of La Force. This arrest of the last Chief of the Correspondance des Princes, and the discovery of the new conspiracy, were events of the very highest importance for Fouché. It was the weapon he wanted whereby he could evade the righteous anger of the Emperor towards himself, and which might help him to escape the disgrace about to fall on Talleyrand.

While, under the auspices of the British Cabinet, the Princes had formed this last plot which had been inspired by Henri Larivière and of which Chateaubriand had been made executive, the Emperor Napoleon was delayed in Spain over his pursuit of the English army in the Peninsula, under the command of General Sir John Moore, in December 1808.

Bonaparte had very nearly been successful, but had ended by only capturing the baggage and ammunition and the rearguard.

Anyway, among the mountain passes of Galicia, he was harassing them considerably, and pressing them nearer and nearer to the coast, in the hope of driving them into the sea.

But suddenly, in the early days of 1809, he abruptly stopped this pursuit just at the moment when success seemed most probable.

The reason of this was, that every day brought disquieting news which obliged him to turn away his eyes from Spain, to face other and as formidable enemies elsewhere. Austria had just determined to open hostilities against France in the early spring, and it became known to the Emperor through one of his many spies, that this was being brought about by confidential information given by the traitor Talleyrand to Metternich.

“Napoleon,” wrote Comte Albert Vandal, an author of the Académie Française of considerable note, “learnt at this same time of an astonishing intrigue brewing in Paris, which was menacing the very seat of his power. Talleyrand and Fouché had once more commenced the game they always played whenever they thought the life or fortune of their Emperor was in special peril. They bethought themselves of a means to replace or supplant him, and thus

save themselves in the case of his downfall, and swim out of the wreck of the Empire. Speculating this time on the probable assassination of their master in Spain by the bullet of a fanatic, and speculating too on the danger of a new war with Germany and the reverses which would end in dethroning him, and which would revolutionize public opinion, they organized behind the scenes a change of Government which would appear on the main stage when circumstances would allow of it. One or other of them would naturally act as chief, but on the top of this improvised and insecure scaffolding they would place Murat as a puppet."

Conjectures of what was threatening much on these lines arose in the master mind of Napoleon, and determined him to make an unexpected entry into Paris, which he carried out; and his arrival on the 23rd of January fell like a thunderbolt on his astonished people. But the effect on his Court was greater still.

A terrible scene took place the following day, and before the ministers, the officers and the courtiers, the Emperor advanced towards Talleyrand who was standing apart leaning against the chimneypiece in the hall of audience, and denounced him before them all in language both coarse and violent. He reminded him of the apostate bishop, the wretch who while washing his hands like another Pilate, arranged for

the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. "This man," said the Emperor, "was a traitor similar to yourself, for it was you who pushed on the war with Spain to further your own ends, and you are now plotting against your master." It is said that after this torrent of words was over, which chilled the hearts of the terrified courtiers who listened breathlessly for what was coming, that Talleyrand pale but smiling, pronounced his famous repartee :

"What a pity that such a great man should be so ill-bred."

The Emperor's answer to this impertinence is not recorded. No doubt he had already turned his back on the minister in disgrace.

But in spite of Talleyrand's supercilious acceptance of his Sovereign's wrath, he was so overcome that he left the palace and took to his bed, where he remained for some days, during which he was relieved of his title of Grand Chamberlain.

Fouché, who knew that he was equally guilty, trembled exceedingly at this outbreak.

"Even though the storm fell on his accomplice," wrote Louis Madelin his biographer, "Fouché was considerably bespattered by the mud which was stirred up."¹ The Emperor had not finished his condemnation.

¹ *Life of Fouché, 1744-1820*, by Louis Madelin. Published in 1908 by Plon et Nourrit, Paris.

"Learn all of you" he said later, and his eagle eye was fixed on Fouché as he spoke, "that should another revolution take place, those who have sided against me will be the first to be crushed."

Of course every one expected the immediate disgrace of Fouché. His enemies let loose a flood of abuse upon him, but he remained calm through it all, cunningly trusting to the eventual protection of Napoleon. Doubtless he knew that the Emperor could not very well do without him. "All this chatter," he wrote in the *Bulletin*, "proves that the most simple things may be grossly exaggerated and poisoned. The situation of a Minister of Police is a very delicate one, and it would be utterly compromised if that minister did not know, that he could count on the support of his Sovereign."

But he knew full well that Napoleon viewed him with suspicion. There were various charges which could easily be brought against him. He had behaved in a very underhand way in the matter of the conspiracy of General Mallet. On that occasion Fouché had managed to reinstate himself in the eyes of his master by the capture of Noël Prigent.

The discoveries he effected of this nature were Fouché's great weapons in warding off disgrace from himself. Sometimes even he invented conspiracies with this purpose in view. Once he forged all the

papers that were brought up against Cerrachi and d'Arèna, and four innocent heads fell to support the credit of this infamous Minister of Police. A Breton senator conclusively proved that it was Fouché who fabricated the charge against Georges, de Moreau, and Pichegru, who all perished.

It was on the very day of this historic and disgraceful scene that the prison doors of La Force closed upon Armand de Chateaubriand, and in that fact Fouché saw a way out for himself. Would not this arrest of a famous conspirator prove the most eloquent response to lull the doubts of the great master?

And it did have this effect. The trial that ensued saved Fouché, and throws a strange light on this page of history.

To drive away the last clouds from the Imperial brow, it was necessary to show a very particular zeal, and appear to have played the chief part in the great discovery. Fouché therefore took upon himself all the preparations for the procedure. On the 6th of February he went in person to interrogate Chateaubriand, and hastened to explain the report sent in by M. Costaz, and laid great stress on the papers, thirty-two in number, that had been washed up by the sea on the coast of Normandy. On the 15th he sent the Emperor the allegations written out by his own hand, to which he annexed the instructions of

Larivière, and the reports of Vaurouault and Maxime which were all highly incriminating.

He concluded by demanding of Napoleon that the seven prisoners might all appear before a military commission, charged with being spies and having had dealings with spies, this in accordance with the Imperial decree dated 17 Messidor the year XII. With the skill of a legal adviser he laid special stress in this report on the responsibilities incurred by Laya, Caille, and the Abbé Sicard. He insisted more particularly on the culpability of the latter,¹ whose complaisance and verbal effusions had been such that even Larivière had advised them to put a check on him, otherwise he would work for his own undoing, for he added, "it would be a pity to lose a man of so much value to his fellow-creatures."

"I have the honour," concluded Fouché, "to put these facts in a letter, destined to be laid before the eyes of your Majesty, and I await your orders as regards my dealings with Messieurs Sicard, Caille, and Laya."

After sending off this report the traitor was able to sleep in peace, for had not his august master now a

¹ "This poor old priest," said Léon Daudet, "was interrogated again and again, and spared neither reproaches nor hard words. He was taken from his prison to be confronted with young Boisé-Lucas at l'Abbaye. The Abbé made many protestations of his devotion and gratitude to the Emperor." (*La Police et les Chouans sous le Consulat et l'Empire.*)

proof before him in black and white of his minister's unalterable devotion, although he had been so odiously calumniated?

On the 25th of February the Emperor, who no doubt was always immensely influenced by Fouché, gave way to the insistent requests of his Chief of the Police, and gave the required decree, which was entrusted to Comte Hulin, the General Commanding the First Division in Paris, and he was ordered to nominate within twenty-four hours the members who were to sit in judgment on the accused prisoners. As a specimen of the class of persons in the confidence of the great but parvenu Bonaparte, it may be mentioned that Pierre Hulin, now a General and Count of the Empire, began life as a lemonade seller in the streets of Paris. He participated in the taking of the Bastille, and was imprisoned during the Terror. He then devoted himself to the cause of Bonaparte, and presided over the commission that sealed the fate of the Duc d'Enghien.

In 1808 he was given the highest military command in Paris. But his fortunes changed, and he fell when his master did; and after vainly striving to regain a fresh position he died in 1819, blind, and in a state of destitution.

It was this man who was to judge the case of the conspirators. General Hulin naturally chose army men,

The president was Baron de Bazancourt, General of Brigade. The others were as follows :—

Rameau, Major of 23rd Infantry, Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur.

Saint - Marcel, Chief of the 4th Brigade of Veterans.

Chappius, Chief of 10th Battalion of Veterans.

Rossignol, Captain of 1st Regiment of Guards in Paris.

Dupré, Captain of 2nd Regiment of Guards.

Bertrand, Captain of 1st half Brigade of Veterans, to act as reporter.

The morning after this commission had been formed, the order was sent from Fouché to bring before him the six prisoners, who had arrived from Morlaix, that he might interrogate and identify them privately.

He then sent word to Captain Bertrand the reporter, telling him he had transferred Chateaubriand to the same prison, and ordering him at once to open the proceedings. He also caused a man at St. Malo named Douze to be arrested, as well as his daughter aged twenty-four years, on the pretext that they had in return for payment given shelter to Chateaubriand.

Armand also had to submit to an interrogation from Bertrand, who wrote to Fouché in the following terms :—

“Chateaubriand and young de Boisé-Lucas, having been convicted by their own handwriting, have confessed everything. This declaration also implicates Vaurouault, who vainly tried to make out that his journey to Brest was solely on account of his own affairs. M. de Boisé-Lucas senior still struggles against the facts and declarations that have compromised him, while Quintal simply begs for mercy and asks for permission to serve against the English. He adds, ‘It is very easy to land in Jersey ; I know many ways of doing so.’

“The defence of Chauvel and Depagne is, that they did not know that Chateaubriand was a spy. They only thought they were helping an emigrant, or a man who had got into trouble and wanted to leave France.

“The accused have all got members of the Bar to defend them. Bouzé de Corberon is retained by Chateaubriand.”

CHAPTER XVII

THE TRAGEDY OF GRENELLE

ARMAND laid no flattering unction to his soul. He expected no mercy, nor did he intend to ask for any. He knew well enough what his sentence would be.

But for those others, his fellow-prisoners! For them he felt the profoundest pity, for were they not sacrificed merely because of their efforts on his behalf? If only he could be successful in saving the lives of these kind and noble souls.

If he could so to speak, get beforehand with the commission, and seek instant sentence for himself by declaring that he, and he alone, was guilty.

With this heroic desire firmly fixed in his mind, to the exclusion of all idea of his personal safety, he wrote the following letter to Fouché:—

“Will the Emperor deign to pardon and release the men who are now languishing in prison, their only fault having been showing too much kindness towards myself? My one prayer is that they be set at liberty.

"I commend my unhappy family to the Emperor's generosity."

The relatives of the accused on their side, made frantic efforts to procure their pardon. Mlle de Boisé-Lucas hastened from Brittany, and going straight to Captain Bertrand, implored, with tears, to be granted the favour of seeing her brother and nephew. She was accompanied by her own lawyer.

Madame de Vaurouault did much the same, hoping to embrace her husband once more before the end.

But these supplications were all in vain. Captain Bertrand had no power to grant any such requests, even if his heart was touched by them. All he could do was to transmit them to M. Desmarets, chief of the division of police.

But the petitions were rudely repulsed at headquarters. Permission was only granted to the lawyers to visit their clients. In a literary study of René de Chateaubriand, by Ste.-Beuve, it is stated that he took no trouble to save his cousin. This was utterly untrue.

At that period the celebrated writer was living in an apartment in Paris, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue St. Florentin. The rooms were over a creamery. He was far from being in favour with Napoleon, for in 1807 he had

published an article in *Le Mercure de France*, of which he was the editor, attacking the "deified Tyrant," as he styled the conquering Bonaparte, and at the close of it in contrast, he added a touching account of the tomb of the daughters of Louis xv., who died in exile and were buried in Trieste. These constant recollections of the late royal family were of course most distasteful to the reigning monarch, and the Emperor had been on the point of arresting the Comte de Chateaubriand, but he contented himself with ordering the *Mercur*e to be suppressed, and sending the Préfet of Police to visit the illustrious editor of the journal, with instructions to leave Paris with as little delay as possible. Chateaubriand therefore purchased for 24,000 francs, pretty well all the money he possessed, a country house situated at Aulnay, near Sceaux and de Châteney.

This property, which, said his wife in her book the *Cahiers Rouges*, was nearly as remote and wild as if it were in the mountains of Auvergne, was called the Vallée-des-Loups. It was in this desolate spot that René de Chateaubriand wrote two of his most charming works—*Paris à Jerusalem* and *Les Martyrs*.

But he paid scant attention to the orders of the Government. Perhaps his artistic soul soared above such paltry matters, for in the fateful year of 1809 he had come to Paris once more, and was settled above the creamery in the Rue St. Honoré.

Armand had already been in the Prison de la Force for thirteen days before René heard the news.

"In spite of my husband's great repulsion for Fouché" writes Madame de Chateaubriand, "he went at once to visit him, accompanied by Mme de Custine, who is a friend of the Head of the Police."

Mme de Custine had been a Mlle de Sabran, a family of distinction. She was a great admirer of Chateaubriand and his writings, and quite willing to assist him in any way, more especially as Fouché was her intimate friend also. She called him "*le grand ami*."

But when the interview took place Fouché denied that Armand de Chateaubriand had been arrested, and declared there was no one of that name in prison. That of course, was a mere quibble. He knew full well that Armand had been arrested under another name; and he continued to mystify René as long as he could.

At last however, even the crafty minister could no longer keep up this game, as René returned again and again to the charge, and he had to admit that it was his cousin in very truth.

"I have seen Armand" he said coolly; "he has a most resolute air. Anyway, he will know how to die."

With sorrow in his heart and though utterly without hope, René determined to make one last effort, and he went to see an old friend of his M.

de Fontane, they had been together in the melancholy days of his life as an emigrant ; but this man's kindly efforts failed also. Then he sought out Mme de Rémusat. She was about the Court.

It was arranged between them that René would write a petition to the Emperor, and Mme de Rémusat was to persuade the Empress Josephine to give it to Napoleon in private, thus hoping it would reach the Imperial eye, without going through the medium of Fouché. This the Empress graciously consented to do.

He read it attentively. All at once he frowned and threw it into the fire.

The letter demanded mercy or justice. It ought to have been mercy only that was asked for.

"He wants justice," said Napoleon with that look on his face always a presage of a bad day.

"Very well ! he shall have it."

Queen Hortense tried in her turn, but not with any more success.

"All that family" continues Mme de Chateaubriand in the pages of her *Cahiers Rouges*, "were admirable, save Cardinal Fesch, and indeed so were a number of other persons, although they held different opinions to those we do. It was not always the case among those we considered our personal friends. Some were lukewarm, others abominable, and yet when *Les Martyrs* came out,

which it did during the trial, it evoked the greatest sympathy. Critics wept over its pages, and in their articles did their best to omit any remarks that might tend to irritate the great Master against my husband, and against him who is now languishing in prison. Of course some of the Press are most hostile, others, again, tender their aid. M. Michaud, author and journalist, offered his good services in approaching Hulin the Commandant of Paris, and the Assassin of the Duc d'Enghien. We were quite surprised he should be on friendly terms with such a man, but it became transparent that he too was in the employment of the police, which was Bonaparte's policy with all those whom he could attach to his service. Only in this case M. Michaud seemed anxious to use his influence for good. But we found we had been cruelly deceived in him. The Commandant of Paris had his spies, as well as the Préfet of Police, and he probably was working against us, not for us, although we had always reckoned him as an honest man."

However all these attempts were of no purpose either for good or for evil, and on the 29th of March the great day of audience had arrived.

The sitting was opened in the morning by an address on the decrees of the Emperor, and Captain Bertrand read out the depositions and all the other facts of the trial.

Then the President ordered the guard to fetch the prisoners. They came in one after another ; their irons had been removed, they were accompanied by their counsel.

Armand entered first, followed by M. de Corberon. He was now forty-one years of age. His bright brown hair had darkened and slightly grizzled. His smiling mouth had taken a look of sad resignation ; in spite of the weakness of his disabled limbs he had made a supreme effort, and entered with the proud gait of a young man. He was dressed in the same clothes that he had worn during his wanderings, the brown cloth coat, and the leathern breeches.

The two de Boisé-Lucas, father and son, with their two lawyers, came and sat beside Armand. Maxime, tall and finely built with his handsome face and open brow, showed no signs of weakness. He wore his hair long after the fashion of the day. M. de Boisé-Lucas on the contrary although he was only fifty-two, looked like an old man. His scanty hair had turned white and his bright grey eyes were lustreless.

Vaurouault came next. He was a man of forty, short and thick set with dark complexion ; quite the build of a sailor.

Quintal, Chauvel and Depagne, accompanied by the lawyer M. Gaulhier, entered last.

Quintal was a tall thin man, pock-marked with fair hair. Jean Chauvel was fifty years of age, and also deeply pitted with smallpox marks. Mathurin Depagne was only twenty-six. Like Chauvel he was a countryman of Armand's, having come from Matignon.

After the accused were introduced, the judge told them what they were charged with, and then began separate interrogations.

When all the witnesses were heard, Captain Bertrand wrote down the report, and the case was adjourned till the following morning at eight o'clock.

This second day was taken up mainly by the defence. At the close of it the President asked the prisoners if they had any remarks to make. They all replied in the negative, and they were once more marched back by the guard to their prison.

The Military Commission, however, continued its sitting, and the President put before his Assessors the following questions :—

Is Armand Louis Marie de Chateaubriand guilty? He is accused of being a spy.

Is Maximilien François Delaunay Bois  -Lucas guilty? He is accused of being a spy.

Is Mathurin de Vaurouault guilty? He is accused of being a spy.

Is Marie Joseph Delaunay Bois  -Lucas guilty? He is accused of aiding and abetting spies.

Is Jean François Michel Quintal, accused of abetting spies, guilty?

Is Jean Chauvel, accused of abetting spies, guilty?

Is Mathurin Depagne, accused of abetting spies, guilty?

With absolute unanimity, Chateaubriand, Maxime and Vaurouault were declared guilty of spying for the benefit of the enemy.

With a majority of six against one, M. de Boisé-Lucas was declared not guilty.

With unanimity Quintal was declared guilty.

Chauvel and Depagne were declared not guilty.

Once more the votes were taken, this time to decide the sentence. Chateaubriand, Maxime, Vaurouault, and Quintal, were condemned to death.

M. de Boisé-Lucas was ordered to be sent before another tribunal, inculpated for having concealed and sheltered an emigrant who was outlawed from France.

Chauvel and Depagne were condemned, the one to a year in prison, the other to six months.

The Commission further ordered that 300 copies of this judgment should be printed, and that the execution of the condemned should take place within twenty-four hours.

The reporter was charged with the duty of reading aloud the sentence to the prisoners, who were recalled.

When this had been accomplished, the four men condemned to death who hitherto had occupied separate cells were allowed to spend the last night together. The consolations of religion were denied them, as they had been in the case of Duc d'Enghien.

As soon as Armand found himself alone with his companions he first of all humbly asked for their forgiveness.

Somewhat roughly Vaurouault replied, "We will forgive you if you promise to die with absolute courage."

This was but an expression forced by tension of nerves, and desire not to give way himself. It was excusable, but superfluous. Even Fouché had said, "Armand will know how to die."

None of them sought repose that night. Rather they preferred to look up into the sky and gather there what sublime thoughts they might, such thoughts as should accompany the mind during the last hours on earth. So they remained in silence by the barred windows. It was bitterly cold and snowing. At two in the morning the lugubrious preparations began. Steps were heard in the corridors, and at three o'clock the door of the cell was opened. The jailer had come to fetch Maxime.

In silence he followed to where in the passage stood a file of soldiers. The light of lanterns fell on their shining arms and accoutrements, and Maxime,

surrounded by them, walked down long corridors with the jailer marching at the head of the procession. All at once he opened the door of a cell.

"Go in there" he said, and closed it with a grating noise. Maxime more dead than alive was left in solitude.

Presently he heard a carriage coming up the street, and the tramp of soldiers' feet. What could it all mean? The sinister noises made his heart beat fast, but at the same time a slight ray of hope began to awake within him.

How Armand felt as he left his prison walls, what he said in farewell to his comrades in misfortune, how they all met their deaths we are not told, but we know it must have been with the inimitable courage which he and they had displayed in life. In René de Chateaubriand's own words, this sad episode must be recorded. The greatest writer of that day, whose own name is immortal, was the chronicler of the fate of a still braver and nobler scion of the house of Chateaubriand.

"I determined," writes René, "to accompany my poor cousin on the day of execution, and stay with him to the end, but I could not get a carriage, and ran all the way to the plain of Grenelle outside the walls of Paris. I arrived just one second too late, Armand had been shot against the wall of the fortifications. His head was shattered. A butcher's dog was licking

up the blood. I had found my cousin but he was past recognition, his features were obliterated by the bullets. I could not therefore see the trace of years and of sorrow on his countenance which no longer existed, it was only a bleeding mass. So for me he remains for ever young, as he was in our glorious days together at the siege of Thionville.

"I followed the cart containing his body and that of his two companions, the plebeian and the noble, to the cemetery de Vaugirard.

"Armand was shot on Good Friday, and to me I seem to see the Crucified One standing in the path of my sorrows.

"When I walk on the Boulevard of the plain of Grenelle, I stop and look at the mark on the wall which the bullets left. If the guns of Bonaparte had left no better trace of himself in the world than this one, he would have been forgotten long ere this."¹

There never was a more tragic or more moving funeral than that of the Friend of the Waves. The date, the dawn of Good Friday, that great day sanctified to death and sorrow.

For funeral pomp, a cart with the three bleeding bodies, and as procession, one man all alone walking through the snow, the heart-broken desolate author of *Les Martyrs*.

¹ *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*.

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER THE DRAMA

WHEN René de Chateaubriand got home after the awful scene on the plain of Grenelle he was absolutely overcome, and at once sought the sympathy of a friend Mme de Casterie.

"All is over," he wrote her word; "I will see you very shortly."

Feminine friendship and companionship was ever the chief solace of the versatile author, and feminine flattery too, and in a few hours' time he was in her house pouring out his sorrows.

Very soon the news spread round the Salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the aristocratic world thought and talked of little else.

But the newspapers, held in leash by the Emperor, kept silent on the subject. The editors knew full well that their very existence depended on the Imperial pleasure.

Neither the *Gazette Nationale*, nor the *Moniteur Universelle*, nor the *Journal de l'Empereur* breathed a word about the tragedy that had taken place.

Only the *Journal de Paris* of the 1st April briefly announced the condemnation and death of Armand de Chateaubriand, and added these words: M. de Boisé-Lucas junior obtained a pardon from the Emperor on account of his extreme youth."

No one dared speak of the execution except René, who talked of it incessantly, so that Fouché wrote jokingly in one of his official letters: "M. de Chateaubriand is to be seen displaying his profound grief for his cousin, by frequenting social gatherings in the deepest mourning."

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Some hours after the execution, when the jailer appeared in Maxime's cell with the pittance dealt out to the prisoners, the latter questioned him piteously. He had not been mistaken in his melancholy presentiments. The sound of wheels and of footsteps that had been heard in the Rue St. Honoré since the day broke, were surely caused by the departure of the condemned to meet their death. Why had he been left behind? He had asked himself that question a hundred times that dreadful morning.

"And what about me?" Maxime said, lifting terrified eyes to his jailer.

The man could not answer the question, for he knew nothing. Till the 16th of April, Maxime was left in his solitary cell, a prey to the deepest anguish of mind. The guard at night going their rounds

through the long corridors, the noise of keys turning in the locks, struck terror to his heart. Were they the summons to fetch him out to his doom? On the 16th the Emperor signed the letter of pardon, and on the 18th the notification reached the prisoner. His sentence had been commuted to two years' imprisonment.

Fouché has been blamed for leaving Maxime in this horrible uncertainty from the 1st to the 18th of the month, but the real culprit was the Emperor. It was not till the 16th that Napoleon could make up his mind to show mercy. Many reasons have been given why Maxime was saved. Some say he owed his release to the supplication of Mme Vaurouault, others give his youth as the reason.

Mme de Chateaubriand, in her *Cahiers Rouges*, declares he was pardoned because he gave away his comrades, while really he was the most guilty of all. This was strong language ; but her heart was wrung by her cousin's untimely death, and her sense of justice was weakened.

It is said that the Emperor had been flattered by the able descriptions of Imperial Paris given by the young country gentleman from Brittany, and for that reason saved his life.

When the two years were over and Maxime had paid the penalty of his indiscretions, Fouché wrote as follows to the Emperor :—

“Your Majesty, by a letter of pardon dated April 16, 1809, commuted the sentence of death on Maximilien de Bois  -Lucas into a sentence of two years’ imprisonment. The term has just expired. This young man has behaved himself very sensibly during his detention, and I wish to add that when he wrote to Armand de Chateaubriand the result of his mission to Paris, he showed great repugnance for the work he had been called upon to do, and reproached himself for having served thereby the enemies of his country.”

Napoleon signed the deed of release, and Maxime, leaving his dungeon of Vincennes, took up his abode in an hotel in the Rue de Richelieu, and at once began proceedings to recover possession of a sum of 828 francs which he had on his person at the time of his arrest, as well as the love-letters and the lock of hair which had been in his pocket-book.

The answer to this request was a passport to return to Brittany, a hint for his departure.

It was useless to insist any further, his money and his souvenirs had to be forfeited for good, and he returned to Bois  -Lucas, where he was received with open arms by his parents.

M. de Bois  -Lucas had also regained his liberty. He had been sent from Paris to St. Brieuc to be judged before the criminal tribunal of that town. Till November of that year he was left in prison, while

discussions arose as to who should administer justice in this case. The Minister of Justice wrote to Fouché, who replied that the affair was quite out of the hands of the police, and in the end they set him at liberty.

He returned to his old manor-house, where he lived in complete seclusion till 1837 when he died. His wife only survived him a few months.

As to Maxime, the brilliant career he had planned for himself was at an end. He lived at home, and more and more buried himself in the solitude of the woods. When his parents died he remained on with his old nurse Catherine, as housekeeper. Their manner of living was simple in the extreme.

On market days once a week she went to Plancoët, and brought back a basket of cakes. This remained on the table during the whole week, and they ate from it when they felt inclined. The cakes served as a pretext for drinks. Then Maxime would wax expansive and relate the history of his sufferings, but he always closed the narrative by expressing the deepest gratitude and homage towards Napoleon. "The Emperor is my second father," he would say.

One passion remained to him, and that was sport.

In the dreary prison of Vincennes, in the cold solitude of the nights, he had recalled the delightful

hunting and shooting parties he had enjoyed in his childhood under the guidance of Armand ; and when he returned to Bois -Lucas, the first thing he did was to take down his guns from above the old fireplace and begin once more the life of the hunter. This saved him.

He was a hard drinker no doubt, but he was an intrepid sportsman.

Maxime was a man of letters also. He wrote in the Almanachs of the day, and attained some celebrity as an author. He brought out a story called *Thelamon et Phaloc *, and another work entitled *La Police dévoil e*, in which, no doubt, he sought consolation by revealing the iniquities of which he had been a sufferer. His style was bombastic, but he wrote with force, and many of his sayings became proverbial in the countryside.

He never married. Did he remain faithful to the lovely girl of Planco t, whose tender letters lie to this day among the papers in the National Archives ? Or did she forget him for some more fortunate suitor, thus adding one more drop of bitterness in the chalice of his ruined life ?

History does not record, and it remains a psychological problem without a solution. All that is known is that the beloved of his youth did marry, and, as the fairy tales put it, lived happily and had many children. Maxime died in June 1841.

The widow of Armand de Chateaubriand lived to an advanced age in her little home of d'Anneville. The tragic death of her husband left her heart-broken. To the end of her days she reproached herself for having opposed his plan of emigration to Canada. Had she not done so they might have lived in peace together for many years. She was the indirect cause of the horrible tragedy of Grenelle.

She read and re-read with many tears, the loving letters that Armand had written to Jersey during his exile in London. Some of them she burnt, doubtless she felt they were too sacred for any other eyes save her own. She died in Jersey in the year 1837.¹

Little Jenny had inherited the beauty of her mother and the ardent temperament of her father. She was a child of great promise, but having suffered from an eruptive fever and left her bed too soon, she died at the early age of fifteen.

"Tante Emilie," with whom the little girl had lived through all the evil days, retired to a small cottage at St. Ideuc, a parish beyond Paramé. She lived to a great age, and devoted herself to the care of the sick and poor. With her lived Modeste, Armand's youngest sister. A slender little woman with hair as white as snow, she went by the name of the "white mouse." Her greatest pleasure in life was to go

¹ These particulars have been furnished by the Chateaubriand family.

every year and stay with friends in the Château de l'Argentaye, near Du Val. There she lived over again in memory the beautiful past, which was gone for ever from her life.

With the fall of the Empire the royal family came back to their own. No mention is made of any sorrow on the part of the Princes for the brave life that was sacrificed entirely for them. But gratitude never seems to have been their strong point.

"The name of Chateaubriand is odious to the Bourbons," writes Mme de Chateaubriand in her *Cahiers Rouges*. "It is true they could not reproach him for anything. But if a Chateaubriand had cut off some heads instead of laying his own on the scaffold, he might have found, like Fouché, honour and fortune beside the royal family."

This lady wrote with a facile but satiric pen. Doubtless she was embittered by all the many tribulations she had been through; perhaps, also, by the unfaithfulness of her brilliant husband.

When Louis XVIII. came to the throne, Fédo, the dearly beloved son of Armand, was presented to His Majesty. He was only a child, and whoever had brought him to Court recalled to the King the heroism of his father. But all that Louis replied was to say in dry tones: "Yes, he did his duty."

However, he nominated young Frédéric as one of



LE COMTE FRÉDÉRIC DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

the royal pages, and later he became an officer of cuirassiers in the Queen's regiment. He married Jeanne Thérèse de Gastaldi.

He had the same profound love of the Malouin coast as his father had had before him. Ties of heredity and touching souvenirs made that land very dear to him, and he bought the Château de la Ballue, near St. Servan.

There the last members of this family whose tragic history has been thus feebly portrayed used to meet together.

"Tante Emilie, and Tante Modeste the "white mouse," were constant visitors, and there too, came old Mlle Lhôtelier, the humble workwoman of Du Val, and the devoted friend in the day of calamity. A happy family grew up over this grave of the past. The children of the Comte and Comtesse de Chateaubriand, Frédéric, Marie Louise, Blanche and Thérèse, were well acquainted with the story of their grandfather's heroic deeds, and had heard them many a time from their father's lips as they sat round the fireside, or under the shady trees in the fine garden; and such was his eloquence in telling the tale, the little grandchildren were generally dissolved in tears.

He lived to a ripe old age, and his circumstances seem to have been as easy as his youth had been poverty-stricken. Frédéric de Chateaubriand must

have recovered some of his property, as well as the fortune he received with his wife.

That other, and more well-known member of the Chateaubriands, never returned to Brittany save for his last resting-place on the sea-girt rock in front of the ramparts of St. Malo.

The immortal Malouin, as he has been called, has left us in his *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* all the memories of his own and Armand's childhood, on the golden sands below the hoary grey walls of St. Malo. He never tired of writing about the tragic capture and death of his cousin, recalling every poignant detail, and he insisted, on the return of the King, that some pathetic lines written by Armand in his prison should be sent back to himself. Hence they have been removed from among the other papers and have been lost.

His property, the Château de Combours, remains to this day in the hands of the last descendants of the family: but the graves of the actors in this story are not to be found there. Frédéric is buried in the beautiful little cemetery of de Rosais on the border of the Rance near St. Servan; René, by his own wish, on the wind-swept, sea-girt rock, a place visited by every traveller in those parts; and Armand, in a nameless grave outside the walls of Paris.

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There is little left to add, for all traces of Armand's



LA COMTESSE FRÉDÉRIC DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

home have been removed, so altered is the home of his childhood. Morvonnais the lawyer continued to live at Du Val, and he had one son named Hippolyte, who, having a nice taste for verse took to his pen, and earned the name in the countryside of "La Muse blanche de l'Arguenon." He was a student of nature, a wanderer in the woods, and having lost his young wife led a solitary life given up to his writings, one of which attained some celebrity. It was called *Thébaïé des Grèves*.

When strangers who come to visit the ruins of Guildo pass that way, and stop before the handsome iron gates of the modern Château du Val, if any one is at hand to answer their questions, they are told that the author of *Thébaïé des Grèves* lived and died there.

Irony of fate! No one now knows the real story of that place, nor are in a position to add the information, "Here the Friend of the Waves passed his happy childhood." Only the moss-grown stones and ivy-covered bits of wall could tell of those joyous days. They have faded away from popular tradition.

The modern Château does not belong in any sense to Armand, nor are there any traces of his past left in the country.

The old dovecote of the monks of St. Jacut, where the unfortunate Messenger of the Princes waited so many hours searching the distant horizon

for signs of his ship, is utterly demolished. The manor of Boisé-Lucas has also fallen into ruins. The Comte de la Motterouge, the descendant of that family, had the walls taken down as they were in a dangerous state. The window overlooking the ravine at which the outlaw knocked on that stormy night, no longer exists; all has been obliterated. One last memory of the tragic Odyssey of Armand de Chateaubriand is evoked by the sight of the little Chapel of Sainte-Brigide by the roadside, where he knelt in prayer as a child with his mother.

In this humble oratory in July 1909, the grandchildren of the hero came to commemorate the centenary of the death of their ancestor.

On the wall of the chapel they placed a marble slab. Above it were the family arms and motto :—

“ My blood stains the banners of France.”

On the white marble has been cut the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND

1768—1809

He died a victim to his devotion to a great and noble Cause.

The rustic chapel had been decked with flowers for this solemn occasion, and a learned historian, Monsieur l'Abbé Trequy, Vicar of Matignon, performed the Mass.

The party gathered within the walls were all members of the family, save those who came to represent the Boisé-Lucas and Vaurouault.

After reading the Gospel for the day, the Abbé pronounced these words :—

“We commend to your prayers the soul of the most high and noble gentleman, Armand Louis Marie de Chateaubriand, Vicomte de Plessis.”

And then I, the writer of these pages, as I stood in the chapel and read the inscription, felt as if the Friend of the Waves had not been dead a hundred years, for with strange precision the whole story of the past seemed to float before my eyes. I could see the ghastly funeral, I could recognize René wrapped in his long cloak following the cortège ; and as the golden light of the afternoon fell on sea and land, I compared the glory of the long forgotten Friend of the Waves, with the rays of the setting sun just sinking below the horizon. For the martyr there is a glorious resurrection.

APPENDIX

I

COPY OF BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATE OF ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND

ARMAND LOUIS MARIE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, son of the high and powerful seigneur Pierre Anne Marie de Chateaubriand, Chevalier du Plessis, and of the high and powerful lady Marie Jeanne Thérèse Brignon, his wife; born March 15, 1768; baptized by me, the sub-curate, on March 16; Godfather, M. Nicolas Jean Brignon; Godmother, Dame Louise Laurence Reine Mousset, wife of François Hyacinthe Jean Scott, Chevalier of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Lieutenant of the King in the government of St. Malo. Signed by his father, and by Mousset Scott, Brignon, de Lehen, Locquet Joliff, Papeu Gesril, de Lehen, O'Morrogh, L. Carfantan, sub-curate.

Extract from Register of Baptisms of the Cathedral of St. Malo.

II

CHÂTEAU DU VAL, D'ARGUENON

THE antique manor of Du Val was the property of Jehan du Val in 1535. In the old title-deeds the name was entered as the property of Domaine de Val Balisson. The woods there to this day are called "La Domaine"

In 1184 the lands were held by one Alain, Vicomte de Balisson, and his son Geoffroy built a château which bore the name of Plessis-Balisson. Habitations gradually rose up around it, hence the present name of the village, Plessis-Balisson.

Geoffroy du Plessis was secretary to Philippe Le Long, and founder of the College of Plessis, which fell into the hands of de la Sorbonne.

The family of Balisson was related to the family of Launay Boisé-Lucas, who played a prominent part in the story of Armand de Chateaubriand.

The Château du Val had historical memories. Henri Prince de Condé, Chief of the Huguenot party, took refuge there in 1585 so as to escape to England in case of need.

In 1758, when the English troops attacked the Guildo, Du Val belonged to the Marquis du Hallay, and then became the property of his daughter, who married the Chevalier de Boisgelin.

The English troops set fire to the Château du Val on their march through the country, and it remained in a half-ruined condition till it was purchased by Pierre de Chateaubriand in 1777.

Archives of the Château du Val are in the hands of M. de la Blanchardière, Conseiller-général of the Department of Côtes-du-Nord.

III

FAMILY OF LE BRUN, D'ANNEVILLE, JERSEY

JEAN LE BRUN was squire and archer to the Admiral of France in 1412. He was taken prisoner by the English at the storming of Mont St. Michel, but was ransomed. Louis Le Brun his son, was Vice-Admiral of Normandy in 1530.

The family of Le Brun came originally from Bayeux. They eventually settled in Jersey.

IV

BAPTISMAL REGISTER AT ST. MALO OF JEANNE
AND FRÉDÉRIC DE CHATEAUBRIAND

It is proved that Armand de Chateaubriand was obliged to leave France, and on 14th September 1795 he married in Jersey, Jeanne Le Brun. The issue of this marriage were Jeanne, born in Jersey, June 10, 1796; Frédéric, born in Jersey, November 11, 1799. Their father having died in France March 31, 1809, the petitioner, Jeanne Le Brun and her children wishing to live in France their own country, it was necessary that their births should be proved and registered in France.

This Baptismal Certificate was dated July 22, 1816.

V

INSTRUCTIONS FOR M. TERRIER

AS soon as M. Terrier reaches France he will occupy himself with finding suitable persons to send to Paris, Brest, and St. Malo. He will give these Agents as many printed proclamations as possible, that they may scatter them through the towns and villages.

Each of these Agents will send in a report as to how the proclamation affects the people's minds. This is most important.

The Agents sent to Brest and St. Malo are to take special notes, as to the number of vessels, their size, their

crew, and officers. Also what number of troops are to be found in these seaport towns, and also on the vessels.

If they could discover the destination of any expedition that might be on the point of putting out to sea it would be a master-stroke.

The state of commerce is specially to be inquired into.

THE PARIS AGENT

This is the most delicate matter of all, and M. Terrier must send a person of good address and great intelligence. This Agent must deliver in person in Paris, the letters confided to his care. He must, however, act with the greatest prudence, and approach them in a frank and open manner; and above all, he is not to wish to draw them into a conspiracy, but merely bring them to see the state of affairs in a new light.

He must also let each person think he is the sole recipient of such letters.

Should a verbal answer be given him, he must at once commit it to paper and not trust his memory.

Should he receive any very important communication, such for instance as the fall of Bonaparte, or any change in the Government, he must at once return and report it to M. Terrier, who will then, if necessary, go over himself to London.

To carry out these instructions we depend on the devotion and courage of M. Terrier, who has already given such proofs of the same.

National Archives, 1^{re} liasse, 1^{er} pièce.

VI

SONG COMPOSED BY ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND
WHEN IN HIDING

LA SANTÉ

Heureux celui qui s'honore
D'un rang, d'un titre important ;
Cent fois plus heureux encore
L'homme toujours bien portant.
Bien vivre est un bon principe
Messieurs de la Faculté,
Dussiez-vous me prendre en grippe,
Je célèbre la Santé.

A travailler pour la gloire,
Je ne vois aucun plaisir.
Qu'importe que ma mémoire
Perce le siècle à venir !
Pendant le siècle qui passe,
J'aime mieux être cité,
Non pour l'esprit et la grâce,
Mais morbleu ! . . . pour la Santé.

On peut sans être hérétique,
Sans blesser l'amour divin,
Pour n'avoir pas l'air étique
Fêter la table et le vin.
La médecine est trop chère !
Oui, sans rhubarbe et sans thé,
C'est en faisant bonne chère,
Que j'entretiens ma Santé.

Quelle beauté grasse et fraîche !
M'apparaît au sein des ris,
Le Lys, la rose et la pêche
Lui pretent leur coloris.
Son doux regard nous attire,
Sur son front est la bonté ;
Sur ses lèvres, le sourire ;
Mes amis, c'est la Santé.

Que les censeurs trop sévères
 S'éloignent de ce séjour !
 Remplissons gaîment nos verres !
 Et vidons les tour à tour.
 Fidèle dans mon ivresse
 Au refrain que j'ai chanté !
 Pour ma santé je m'empresse
 De boire à votre Santé.

National Archives, F7. 6481.

VII

INTERROGATION OF ARMAND DE CHATEAUBRIAND BY FOUCHÉ, MINISTER OF POLICE

TO-DAY, February 6, 1809, has appeared at the Ministry of Police, one called John Fall, *alias* Terrier, who has been declared to be Armand Louis Marie de Chateaubriand.

He was asked if he recognized the papers laid before him. He replied that they belonged to him, and he had thrown them into the sea, two miles from St. Cast.

Question.—What were the printed proclamations you brought from London?

Answer.—They were relating to Spain, and were proclamations of the insurgents. I burnt them as soon as I reached France.

Question.—Where did you put up on arrival?

Answer.—With my old friend, M. de Boisé-Lucas. I went nowhere else.

Question.—Did you procure the Agent for Brest?

Answer.—No. M. Maxime de Boisé-Lucas found him for me. He was M. Vaurouault, late of the Royal Navy.

Question.—How long was M. Vaurouault on this mission?

Answer.—About ten or twelve days. He brought back his report to M. de Boisé-Lucas.

Question.—Did M. de Boisé-Lucas send his son to this mission in Paris, or did he offer his services?

Answer.—The son acted by his own wish in this matter.

Question.—As you only saw M. de Boisé-Lucas and his son, who made arrangements with the boatmen for you?

Answer.—I saw the sailor Chauvel, who was sent for. I also saw M. Bergeret, son-in-law of M. de Boisé-Lucas, who was staying in the house, but he did not interest himself in my affairs. M. de Boisé-Lucas only received me on account of our old friendship, and he strongly advised me to abandon the mission and never return to France if I could possibly get away.

Question.—How did you get a boat the second time?

Answer.—I took one from the beach, leaving 100 louis with M. de Boisé-Lucas to pay for it. It was Chauvel who arranged for me with Depagne, to whom I promised 400 francs.

Papers. (Signed) A. D. CHATEAUBRIAND.

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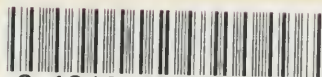
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The hero of Brittany, Armand
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